THE MINSTREL'S INSPIRATION

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The Minstrel's Inspiration

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The Minstrel's Inspiration

And Other Poems

BY

CELLA FOOTE BLACKLEDGE

This book is dedicated to my two sisters,
Maggie, the playmate of my youth,
Hermie, the companion of riper years.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

Copyrighted, June, 1915
By Mrs. Cella Foote Blackledge
FREDERICKTOWN, OHIO

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PREFACE

I caught a vision, through passing time,
From which my spirit life, was fed;
That thoughts, in poetry I could rhyme,
That became to be, my daily bread.

For it was Aristotle, who wisely said,
It is not the function of the Poet,
To relate what happened, to be led,
But what may, is his merit.

Then the greatest and wisest thing to me
Are not, of this life as it is.
But, a knowledge of what might be;
Of the passions and sympathies.

There is a vision of the spirit that's sublime,
That's been called a mystery;
Of the harmony of love, that divine,
That's a fact, and not a theory.

C. F. B.

CONTENTS

	Page
Preface	9
Appreciation	15
Literature	17
Thoughts in Books	18
A Will	18
My Day Dream	19
Fruits	21
Reflection	22
Hermie E. Foote	23
Smiling	24
Peacemaker	25
By the Roadside	26
The Old Home	26
The Minstrel's Inspiration	27
That Picture	34
The Village Fire	34
Unfolding	35
Flowers and Friends	36
The New Home	37
True Love	37
Pride	38
Youth and Age	39
A Eulogy to Parents	40
The Old Gates	41
My Christmas Vision	42
Sunrise	44
Harmony	45
Prayer	47
Flirting	47
Valentine	48
A Candle	48
In Tune	49
United Power	50
Marriage	51

CONTENTS---Continued

	Page
Immortality	52
My Sweet Brier	53
The Bird Choir	54
Whispering Winds	55
Honor	56
A Return to the Woods	57
Day Dreaming	58
Charity	59
Unseen Force	60
My Mother's Lilac Bush	61
My Garden	62
Old Jean (True Story)	63
The Morning Talking	65
Culture	67
A Morning in Spring	68
Take Time to Think	69
The Robin	70
On the Farm	71
Sliding Down Hill	73
Sister and I	74
The Sweetest Songs	77
Unwelcome Guest	78
Harvest at the Old Home	79
When A Boy	80
School Days	81
A Picture	83
The Two Pictures	83
Joy	84
The Wind A-Talking	85
As the Seasons Go	86
An Autumn Day	87
A Winter Storm	88
The Old and New Year 1914 and 1915	89
The Image of War	91
The Twenty-Third Psalm	93
A Soldier's Return	94
The Golden Wedding	95
A Brighter Day	97
The Majesty of Nature	98
The Great Round Sun	101
Truth	102

CONTENTS---Continued

	Page
A Night's Rest	104
The Sign of Rain	105
To the Niagara Falls	106
The Moon	108
Motherhood	109
Silent Growth	110
Who Is My Mother	111
The Whispering Rose	112
An Old Man's Advice	114
Artist and Poets	116
Sunset Sky	119
Silent Influence	120
The Family	122
When Things Go Wrong	123
Just Play	125
When Love Had Flown	126
A Poet Pun	129

ILLUSTRATIONS

Cella Foote Blackledge	16
Hermie E. Foote	22
The Minstrel's Inspiration	26
The Old Gates	40
The Morning Talking	64
The Sheep on the Hillside Grazing	86

APPRECIATION

Mt. Vernon, O., April 29, 1915.

To the Lovers of Good Literature:

I have had the pleasure of reading a few of the poems written by Mrs. Cella Foote Blackledge and find in them many thoughts to inspire one to a higher and nobler life. Nothing of sadness or pessimism is to be found. Death is looked upon as a journey into a fair land, a passing from a world of imperfection to one of perfection, rather than that of gloom, dread and uncertainty. In the poems, she has portrayed her own noble life devoted to the happiness of those near her and the uplifting of mankind in general.

W. F. ALLGIRE.

Fredericktown, Ohio, May 8, 1915.

To Mrs. Blackledge and Friends:

The test of friendship lies in the willingness to give. Those to whom we are bound by ties of long and close associations grow dearer as the years pass. We would feign express our love in giving of our best possessions. Gold, silver, and jewels give a transient pleasure; but thoughts abide. Let us record our mind's treasures that our beloved may enjoy with us as time rolls on, our very inmost, precious, loving meditations, rejoice in our happiness; share life's richest gifts.

Lovingly,

FLORA FARQUHAR.

Bella Foote Blackledge,

LITERATURE

The history of our English literature
Are the best thoughts
Of author's knowledge for the future,
Expressed as taught.

That which appeals to the imagination
Through histories' pages,
Of their thoughts, and hearts' emotions,
Of the activity of ages.

The manifold minds inspiring
Comes through years,
From great author's at times appearing
As beloved and honored seers.

Our minds to broaden and increase
The capacity for the spirit;
And in literature, an increasing lease
Of thoughts that merit.

"Poetry a suitable vehicle for expression,"
The thought to express;
For prose cannot speak hearts' emotions,
The thoughts to impress.

THOUGHTS IN BOOKS

Thoughts have tarried in my mind,
Transient children of fancy;
Those of Martin Tupper, with passing time,
Comes with brilliancy.

Gathered from the harvest of science,
We have searched for truth;
That was a help and great reliance,
Picked from the path of youth.

Thoughts of earth that soared to heaven,
That ripened from my musings,
That grew to wisdom, as a lump of leaven,
That brought its many blessings.

Then let us ever commune together,
Thoughts, as pure as gold,
As faithful students and observers
Of thoughts, in books been told.

That is a heritage, crowned with glory,
Gleaned from histories' past,
That communes with us, sweet memory
From childhood to the last.

A WILL

April 6, 1915

Let us bequeath a beautiful character,
In life's reflections;
That will live after we inherit the hereafter;
In hearts affections.

MY DAY DREAM

My good friends, I ask you with me to share
And my little ambition to overlook;
Of my thoughts in verse and rhyme to forbear;
Therefore to you, I present this book.

And in giving it to you, I offer no excuse,
You may receive it with a smile,
Of my words in verse, that are profuse,
To read them, if worth while.

The poet Bryant said, "could he but break the spell,"
That in rhyme had held him long,
But ever of the beauties of nature he would tell,
As stars and moon revealed a song.

So the poetry of my childhood I cannot forget,
It ever holds me, with a power,
For the hills, trees, and meadows, are with me yet
Coming with each passing hour.

And why will memories come knocking at my door?
With that knock, we hear a sigh,
As a pebble in still water ripples to the shore—
Is it because age is drawing nigh?

But in poetry of youth, there's no growing old
In fancy—our childhood we live again
In age to a growing beauty of the soul,
As life's joys and love expands.

And the memories of youth have held me long
Coming as an idle lore
As the longing, and witchery of an old love song,
I heard in by-gone years of yore.

As a child I had a longing, with nature's haze,
Oft times I felt, as if alone,
My mind was in a distant, dreamy daze—
To my friends, I was unknown.

And I find that others, so said the poet Poe,
As he roamed, in the shady wood,
That in his musings his mind was always so,
By his friends, not understood.

Many poets have often wished, that they could be free
Of rhymes and lines that come unasked,
But o'er and o'er their verses, in form become to be
In looks, and literature, alas—alas—

As you read my poems, if you are so inclined,
As the memories of youth unfold,
And in them, the joys of your childhood find
Blend with mine, as I have told.

And you who are lovers of the great poets of old
Read o'er and o'er, line for line,
Bear awhile with we, in speaking forth my soul;
That in writing, a joy I did find.

"Backward, turn backward," my friends with me
To the days of your sunny youth,
When your life was happy, joyous and free;
But now, let us find a greater truth.

For in poetry is there not a greater love to find,
Wider and better things unfold?
In rhymes and lines each day in passing time,
As the joys of life are told?

My friends with me, the good in poetry let us behold.
Of the scenes and times of our youth,
And grow in favor of the beauty of the soul,
For greater joys, and greater truth.

If you pursue these poems; bear with me, and smile
As you read the lines, at the pictures look,
Think and ponder! of them that worth while,
Of virtues of my cherished child—my book.

FRUITS

You are known by the fruit you bear,
Our Master and Teacher said;
So let us of His knowledge and wisdom share,
And by His word be lead.

The world judges by the outward spirit,
By actions you are known;
Judgment passed by what you merit,
By the fruit that's borne.

Good fruit comes from the tree of love.
It's worth and virtue to impart,
The fruit growing high, on the branches above,
No evil working at the heart.

The fruits of the spirit, of the tree of life,
Is joy, love and peace;
But the fruits of envy, hate and strife,
The discords of life increase.

If the tree bear nothing but leaves,
Be cursed to wither and die,
And brings not forth the harvest sheaves,
Hewn down on the ground to lie.

A LITTLE SEED

"There was a little seed, sown in seed time,"
Sown by the spirit from above,
That grew to a great tree, in harvest time,
It was the propelling power of love,
That drew to its branches, tired mankind
Born of the spirit, the world to move
To deeds of kindness, and truth divine,
Watered by the showers from above,
That shines forth in beauty that is sublime;
It's spirit descends as a gentle dove,
To bless tired, homesick mankind.

REFLECTION

At my casement window, where I often sit to rest,
A shady vine is hanging low;
As the mid-day sun, sinking toward the west
The lights and shadows play to and fro.

There sets a smooth round vase, clear and bright,
A miniature sun shining there
Reflecting all around, the sun's reflected light;
With its beams and rays so fair.

Then I think of the Father's love divine,
Reflecting, as the sun so bright,
In the hearts of His children, a love sublime,
Peace to the world, a reflected light.

Hermie E. Foote

HERMIE E. FOOTE

A tiny bud, to a sweet rose will bloom
To its full beauty, in the month of June;
But "the frost of earth" took my flower,
As the sun was arising in an early hour;
And the falling and passing of the leaves
Did not her brave and gentle spirit grieve.
Her calm life, so pure and bright,
As her face radiated in light;
To me her last kind farewell
"Tell dear sister, all is well"—
Our loved are called, but we loose not wholly,
For many a kind remembrance is given;
And they live with us, in truth and love truly,
In the divine harmony of heaven.

SMILING

"Smiling and getting back to God,"
By a noted poet has been said,
And to the world a correcting rod,
If by smiling we be led.

It was repeated again to me,
By one whose influence was good;
A joy and help, to others to be,
And to oneself, a daily food.

Let us brighten our path with a smile,
Ever wrought by sacrifice and love,
Let us live for that, "that's worth while,"
Born from the spirit above.

If the science of life were better understood
That smiles, turn away sorrow and strife,
By lightening the burdens for others' good,
We would pass them along, through life.

For why this worry, and useless strife,
As time with speed, is flying fast,
Why not grasp the beautiful life
And pass it on, as others pass?

For it will brighten the lives of men
By the love of the spirit soul;
As time is swiftly passing by them,
Then joy, as you leave, untold.

As the brightness of the meteor's path
In the darkness, of the midnight sky;
Then as you pass on, and on at last—
Smile to another, as passing by.

For our influence we never will know,
But, it will be for lasting good;
And a light across our path will throw,
"By smiling, and getting back to God."

PEACEMAKER

There's a promise to peacemakers, world's great need
For the stilling of an a-rising storm,
With love, and knowledge, peace takes heed
To quietly quell the false alarm.

But, the temporary stilling of the coming storm
For peace, when there is no peace,
By demanding the enemy to lay down his arms,
Discord will invariably increase.

For back of this discord, often is selfishness,
It's most often the root of error
That increases in great bitterness and distress,
Because love is not our counselor.

"It requires the spirit of our blessed Master,"
To tell an enemy, or friend, a fault;
That will increase in peace in the hereafter;
And the peacemaker to exalt.

Great blessings are promised to the peacemaker,
In the kingdom, the honored child;
And to the world, a beloved and needed messenger
And be blessed, for "that's worth while."

BY THE ROADSIDE

There are sweet-scented roses, growing wild,
Great clusters in full bloom,
By the roadside, we plucked them when a child,
In the lovely month of June.

And clover growing by the roadside;
Blossoms sweet, red, white, and pink,
And as clusters we gather at evening-tide—
Of a dear one, we fondly think.

As one evening, sister and I were riding,
Coming our homeward way,
Along the roadside, slowly we were driving,
"What sweet clover," we did say!

Then great handfuls we did gather;
Of the sweetest flower that blooms,
And since then I have been their ardent lover,
By the roadside, in June.

THE OLD HOME

The birds have flown, and the old home is alone;
As the years go, others their love bestow,
For the birds will plume their wings and fly away,
No longer in the old home can stay,
But, as they spread their wings to start and leave,
Let not our spirit grieve.

The Minstrel's Inspiration

Here in the stillness, I'll listen, to nature speak
A soft wind, gently blowing against my cheek.

(See Page 28)

THE MINSTREL'S INSPIRATION

Summer of 1914

It was midnight, as I arrived on the New England shore,
Sailed from the northern mountains;
After many years, I have come to my home once more,
From crowded streets and fountains.

The moon shining o'er the city, the wind was still—
I gazed in silence, all alone,
At the stars o'er head and looked toward the hill,
As I started to my boyhood home.

Often as sailing on the dark deep, ocean wide,
Where dashing waves, and shadows lay,
A loneliness came o'er me, watching the ebbing tide,
Thinking of my home—far away.

To the shady woodland, with the trees so tall,
I'll seek a quiet place this May;
As a child, to its mother's outstretched arms I'll fall,
Away from the minstrel's lay.

In this early morn my feathered friends to meet,
As their songs the woodland fills;
With their magic charm, heart to heart will greet,
As a boy, among the echoing hills.

As walking alone, by the moon's bright light,
With nature so calm and still,
The memories of my childhood comes tonight
With thoughts that thrill.

For here is the gate to father's woods, down the lane,
This shady bank, the grapevine hung;
The fields, hills, and meadows, all look the same,
As from yon tree-tops I swung.

On this bridge, watching the running stream,
With the moon beginning to fade,
As in the eastern horizon, the sun's first gleam,
As a boy, when the shadows played.

One lone star is shining, above the woodland heights,
A loneliness, at this early time—
For in the window of my boyhood home in sight
A morning light brightly shines.

Thoughts of the past come to me, of a night in June
When I gazed on this star-dimmed sky
The waters reflecting beneath me the shining moon,
I looked to my home to bid good-bye.

I wondered if ever again, I'd see my home so dear,
For I was to sail to a foreign land,
In a country far away from home, and friends so dear,
To join a minstrel's band.

Well I remember the day, across this field I was o'er,
To bid farewell to the woodland wilds;
Then in grief I went away, thinking I come no more,
But, here I am again, as a child.

Here I will think of childhood's tender love,
And dream of my love in youth,
For the "frost of earth" transplanted my flower above,
With sweet memories for sooth.

Here in the stillness, I'll listen to nature speak,
In my native state so fair,
A soft wind gently blowing against my cheek,
As walking in this country air.

It seems but yesterday, a thoughtless boy I've been,
But memories to my mind doth cling,
As again I follow these paths, in the fields so green,
To yonder tree-top, a stone I'll sling.

A gentle spirit drew me to this spot, as of yore,
To me a maiden, had been given,
A guiding star, as I have sailed from shore to shore
A love, akin to that of heaven.

Here in my father's woodland at the break of day,
No one to share with me these trees—
And the beauties of nature, that before me lay
With fluttering birds and leaves.

From their slumber, I'll sing a song, to them awake
With greetings, that I've come at last
In this early morning, as day begins to break,
As in the by-gone time of the past.

In this sun-light, dear birds, I am your guest
To sing with you, songs low and soft;
Making old acquaintances, looking for the red-breast
That in memories come so oft.

And as I listen in this woodland, to your songs,
Your echoing voices mine will thrill,
For you, dear birds, in my dreams, I oft did long
Your songs, mine to fill.

Birds! from the sunny land of the Indies wild,
I have come to this fragrant breeze,
To my father's wildwood, me its only child
With nature's gifts as these.

In the world, I sang with pleasure and gain,
With you, I've come to rejoice
My feathered friends, in my native state of Maine,
To catch the melody of your voice.

With you, in the woods so green and soft I'll rest,
Your chords, my songs will thrill,
And, as I listen and slumber on nature's breast,
I'll bid my aching heart "Be still."

Here, I caught a vision and hope, that came through tears,
That I would sing on every shore,
And smile again, as I did in the passing years,
Of childhood days of yore.

"Here is the shady shrine," she said soft and low,
"Dear heart," I am ever thine,
Now, dear birds and trees, I am here all alone
With these memories, I claim you mine.

Often on the sunny beach, looking o'er the waters blue,
I'll think of my boyhood love
Roaming again in the fields, the flowers peeping through
With a bud that blooms above.

Here one moonlight night, promised my bride to be,
Then came the day—she was no more—
And as she passed to the Great Beyond, life changed to me,
Alone—I silently walked as of yore.

Here she laid her head on my troubled heart,
"My dear, you must not grieve for me,"
Then said in tones soft and low, "this my request—
A noted singer you will be."

"Dear heart, in our love there is no separation,"
This, as a vision came to me,
That the memory of this will be your inspiration—
A great singer and player to be.

Then I sought the wood, birds lived among them there,
Sung to them, of my loved one fair;
There I caught their tunes, sang them far and wide,
In halls of art, she my guiding star.

And, what dear birds and woods, do you think I see
In memory of the passing years?
A little maiden comes and walks these paths with me,
As I wipe away a bitter tear.

What dear birds, do you think is gained to me,
For the sweetest songs, are thine;
And that I came so far, again to sing with thee,
To carry them away with mine,

In my dreams and fancy, I've often heard you call
Where I have sung so long,
Amid the cities' shadowing lights and concert halls,
Wearing wreaths of fame, for your songs.

That lent to my voice a celestial tune, in memories place
That I sang in the evening hours,
There would come to my song, the beauty of that face,
As picking the pretty flowers.

As she wove them in wreaths, look to me and smile,
Our hearts were bright and free.
Then toss them away, with innocence of a child,
As we sat beneath this shady tree.

Here, is where we used to sit in the early Spring
In a grapevine swing, in an oak so tall
Swinging, and singing, mocking the wild birds sing,
As through the woods we stroll.

And on a summer afternoon, sitting by a stream
Until the day was growing late,
Watching the rippling waters, in the sunshine gleam,
The fishes nibbling at our bait.

The dreamy days of Autumn lent a rapturous spell,
Of nuts falling among the leaves,
And the looks of love, the little acorns did tell
As they were dropping from the trees.

Here in my life, her dear short life did twine
With love and maiden care,
And with these hills, meadows, streams did wind
All together our joys did share.

Often through these fields, we pluck the clover sweet,
As laughing with the flowers,
That had a silent music, as blooming at our feet,
Looks of love, with passing hours.

Now, across my path the same flowers are found,
We love them in memory dear,
As I find them in my path, where they abound,
Pluck them as in by-gone years.

In memory of her, who did not doubt, tho ship on sea
Did not sail, yet it sailed to me—
As she lovingly sailed, sailed far, far away
To a brighter shore beyond the bay.

I hear among the leaves, as music softly whispering
"Peace to your waiting heart,"
And with the birds, their morning hymn a-singing
In this concert, you have a part.

I listen now to your song thru the woods echoing
Low and sweet, then loud you sing,
Lightly and sprightly your pipes and horns a-playing
Together in one grand chorus ring.

I'll catch your songs and tunes, carry them away,
The music I'll call my own,
Playing my harp, and singing the minstrel lay
In halls of art far from home.

You are not aware of the music you play for me,
That rings in the woods early and late;
And if I could catch your tunes, what a joy it would be
In my music, I could imitate.

I will wipe away my cold brow, as they are passing by,
Reflecting shadows at my feet,
For the wild birds, overhead begin to soar and fly,
With melodies low and sweet.

When love is at the helm to guide while in youth,
A greater peace in riper years
And in passing time it will reveal a truth,
Though it comes thru tears.

It lent a softness to my voice, none could understand
In tune with the music of the spheres;
That I sang in chorus with the city minstrel band,
A memory of a love of by-gone years.

As fond memories "o'er the heartstrings doth sweep,"
Comes a melody that is sublime,
The tunes are softer, words more joyous and deep,
That heals the sorrow of passing time.

"My feathered friends, good-bye, you sang to me alone
Under the wood's sheltering wing;
And as I listened to you, it was all unknown,
But, clearer and louder I'll sing.

Of your songs and tunes, I'll sing them ever more,
Melodies of memories of my heart,
An inspiration from boyhood days of yore,
That in nature I took a part.

Good-bye, my bird friends, and woodland, good-bye
Your songs, my sighs have stilled,
Good-bye my home, meadows and hills, good-bye,
With your memories my life have filled."

I'll linger on the bridge, a dark cloud in the west
Above it, the stars dimly shine;
I look beyond the hill, to a home I love best,
In memory I claim it mine.

"Again good-bye," the scenes of my passing youth;
In love there is no separation,
For with you dear birds, and nature I learned a truth,
And the Minstrel's Inspiration.

THAT PICTURE

It is night! there is majesty, and great power
Over black waters, that rages pierce and deep,
The lightning flashes above an old tower;
O'er the deep waters, wind doth sweep,
Moon half hid, at the coming of a thunder shower.

Waves dash high—over rock sweep and leap—
Dark clouds in a moonlight sky;
In the tower, the watchman knows no sleep
To safeguard ships at sea, dares not close his eye,
For these dashing waters around him deep.

Painted by an artist, gone the way of mankind,
One I loved many years ago—
A gift from a friend that was surely kind;
I value the gift, can it be really so—
That after many years, that picture again is mine?

A VILLAGE FIRE

Here in the streets of our dear, and native town,
In stillness, and silence of a summer night—
Loud rang the bell, our town, town, burning down,
"Fire! fire! louder people yelled, higher flashed the lights.
Our town," the bell pealing out, "burning down,"
Louder pealed the bell, our town burning to the ground,
Quicker rang the bell, every fireman at his post
With a hurry and a flurry, pale as a ghost;
Every person that you meet, is hurrying to the street.
Fire, they are shouting, with a rush they meet,
Louder rang the bell, our town burning down;
In the morning, our town burned to the ground.

UNFOLDING

The return of spring, a season of rejoicing,
As nature awakes and sings aloud
Of God's sunshine, of love reflecting
Dispelling that dark cold cloud.

As the gentle, genial days increase,
Alternate warmth, cold intervene,
And winter gradually begins to cease;
Little or no advance visibly seen.

But imperceptibly a change appears—
Sunshine unlocking the icy stream,
Then laughing echoes it gladly hears
Thru the valley, and woodland gleam.

The songs of the birds in the meadows,
Brown hills all covered with green,
And the trees spreading their shadows
O'er wild flowers thickly seen.

A transformation becoming complete
As all nature gently sings,
And as the lamb-kin on hillside bleat,
Then, we're thrilled with wondrous spring.

To him who ponders changing time,
Sees a profound beautiful lesson,
As truth is gently pouring the sunshine
Of God's love, as fond caressing.

Driving away the cold wind of selfishness,
Where pride, envy, and passion show,
And melt the icy heart of unloveliness,
As sunshine on a spring day snow.

And harsh winds of ungodliness to abate,
By the gentle zephyrs purified;
And the thoughts to a higher level to create,
As the ideals of life are clarified.

As the law of God is ever unfolding
Showing a great purpose divine;
A unity and harmony of God revealing
His love with man, that's sublime.

Then the uplifted heart doth sing
Of a life by love justified,
In the beauty of joy of spring-time,
Unfolding life as glorified.

FLOWERS AND FRIENDS

There are memories of my friends, among my flowers,
As often with them I come to meet,
And as I walk among them, in the early hours,
As they are blooming at my feet.

My friends and flowers are to my life a part,
They sweeten it, with their care,
For my friends and my flowers are dear to my heart,
A part of my life, they share.

So when I walk among my blooming flowers,
I think of my old time friends,
And in the sunshine of the early hours,
I fondly remember them.

THE NEW HOME

Who will water, and care for my flowers,
When you and I, have gone away;
As the sun is arising in an early hour,
Sweetly singing, a morning lay.

Who will swing in my swing, as the shadows fall,
At the close of a summer day?
As the moon is rising, bright and full,
And sing their evening lay?

Who will care for my tree, graceful and tall,
And watch its shadows play
To and fro through the lattice on the wall,
At the close of a June day?

Who will rake the leaves as, on the ground they lay
As the wind is blowing in the Fall,
My dear, when you and I are called away?
For the message comes to all.

We will go, on some bright and happy day
To the home prepared for all;
For we are going to that new home to stay
And there is no dreary pall.

TRUE LOVE

This is a love, "that enriches, and is purifying,"
This marriage is a tie of love, that's elevating;
Tender words, unselfish care, ever love is enlarging;
And, in thought, there's no separation;
This love is beautiful, good, true and increasing;
And of a pure "divine reflection."

PRIDE

How reluctant are they who dwell in power,
To acknowledge one higher than them;
But to hold the sword, over them that lower,
And trample on the rights of men.

Let us be warned; by the dream of the spreading tree
That yielded fruit, to the eye was fair,
But was hewed down, scattered its fruits and leaves
Far and wide to the wind and air.

But Nebuchadnezzar continued in pride,
Broke forth in conceit and boast,
"Am not I Babylon, am I to be put aside?"
For the common workman's host?

No wonder his heart was made as the beast,
Crawled upon the ground;
And the grass of the ass, his only food and feast,
His power nowhere to be found.

Until thou knoweth, the Most High ruleth,
Over the kingdom of men;
And His power, to whosoever is deserveth
And thou, clearly see thy sin.

Let my counsel be accepted, verily unto thee,
Break off thy sins, by righteousness,
Then thy tranquility lengthened will be,
By humbling from thy loftiness.

YOUTH AND AGE

The flowers are brighter as the days grow shorter,
So age should be full of cheer,
As the Autumn's shadows grow longer,
Age should not be drear.

As the morning is darker, at the dawn of light
So joy should increase with years;
And as the stars shine bright, only at night,
Let us not dim age with fears.

For age should have the buoyancy of youth,
As deeper hues at the setting sun;
A joy and mirth, that radiates in truth
When the spirit life has come.

Then age will rest with youth at evening tide—
As the going down of the sun;
And joy and peace with youth and age abide
When love dwells in the home.

If joy in youth with fond memories fill,
Then cultivate the ground
Then in after years, the sighs will be still—
And the harvest will be found.

Then let us fill our homes with love and flowers,
To take away the grief and tears;
It will be as sunshine after the showers,
To age, from youth in passing years.

And let us forget, as youth ascends the hill of life,
And only the good be told,
Then youth with age, there'll be no useless strife,
But a beauty of the soul.

Then age to youth will be an aspiration,
As the spirit power is seen;
Then age to youth will be an inspiration,
Tho many years are between.

Then age will radiate with youth unending,
If guided by the spirit of love,
Then youth immortal, with age unending,
United to the spirit life above.

A EULOGY TO PARENTS

What sweeter name, than Father and Mother?
As we kindly think of them;
A name above, and dearer than all others,
As their lives with ours doth blend.

My mother, whom I loved so well in youth,
By a silent look my life reproving,
For her everyday life was that of truth,
By it, my life was influencing
For deeds of kindness, all her journey through,
Reflected to me so kind and true.

My father, who in youth I did not understand,
By look and deed did his reproving;
Who was more firm, and took a decided stand,
He, too, my life was silently influencing;
A great lover of justice, all over our fair land.
Now as years come and go, I better understand
Him whom I feared and revered in my youth,
Now unfolds in my life in truth.

The Old Gates

(See Page 41)

THE OLD GATES

How dear to my heart, the gates of my boyhood,
As fond memories present them to view;
The old swing gate, that opened to Father's wildwood,
And every old gate, my boyhood knew.

The iron-bound gate, that hung by the barn;
The vine-covered gate, that stood by the well;
The whitewashed gate, that opened to the lawn;
And all the gates, that childhood can tell.

Now I sit and think, at my own farm gate,
Of all the gates I remember so well;
And as my life is growing a little late,
The gates of youth I fondly tell.

The old swing gate, that opened to the wildwood,
The vine-covered gate, stood by the well,
The old iron gate, I swung on in boyhood,
Of all the old gates, I love to tell.

The old whitewashed gate, opened to the lawn,
The gate that stood by the watering trough,
And of all the old gates, we were very fond,
And we think of them so oft.

MY CHRISTMAS VISION

Last night in the twilight, I lay idly dreaming,
A vision, in a dream came to me,
I was on a hillside, near Jerusalem watching,
O'erlooking the Garden of Gethsemane.

In the distance, I heard a host of angels singing
Above the clouds, beyond the sea;
"Peace and good will," through space was ringing
To tired and lonely ones as me.

As I listened in the stillness, to the song they were singing
Of peace and good will to me,
Kind words, good deeds, over the hilltops ringing,
And echoed beyond the sea—

For peace and good will, I had long been longing,
A truth, to set me free;
Then again I heard echoing, lounder, 'tis loving,
As our Master loved back in Galilee.

Then this vision came, as to the song I was listening,
Through the mountains of Galilee
Three wise men on camels in the plains are coming,
"The King of the Jews to see."

And on the hillside, shepherds their flock attending
In the distance beyond the sea,
With hooks and staff, and their harps a-playing
Underneath a spreading tree.

The leaves are quivering and the wind is blowing
Through the Valley of Galilee;
And overhead the moon and stars are shining,
The Heavens opened, angels I see.

Then I heard the shepherds sweetly playing
In tune with the host I've seen,
In harmony with the angels that were singing
Of peace to the children of men.

In tune with the infinite, they were singing,
"Tiding of great joy to thee."
Then the shepherds and host together, God was praising,
"Glory in the highest," peace to me.

Then nearer we see the wise men riding,
Led by the star through Galilee;
Then the shepherds, left the hillside and coming
To meet the wise men, in the valley.

To Bethlehem they journey, where the young Child lying
In the manger, the Truth for me,
In the arms of Mary His mother, as she was pondering
Of what her Child would be.

They knelt and worshiped, opened their gifts of loving,
Gold, frankincense, myrrh, so free;
Then, I saw that love and sacrifice were proving
The world's greatest needs to me.

There they left their gifts, thru the plains are winding,
In the distance are lost to me—
But the truth, I will live by love reflecting;
In the vision I saw beyond the sea.

And then I heard from the walls of eternity echoing
This love, thru-out time will be;
Then I saw the star the wise men saw, as watching
The vision fading from me.

I awoke from my dreams as the day was breaking,
Peace and joy had come to me;
The secret I had found, love and daily sacrificing
Was the star in the east for me.

Amidst the clouds, Christ the Truth is coming
In peace, and good will so free.
Then let us join the shepherds and host in singing
"In tune with the Infinite" to be.

SUNRISE

How beautiful is a coming day so fair!
Of the beauties of the sun's varied hues
That glances in the trees, and reflects in the air,
Early in the morning the hours of dews.
And in the wood, as the soft music heard,
Of the songs and notes of many birds,
If the night before it has been raining,
And the air with fragrance filled
With a balmy south wind a-blowing
As the sun comes over the hill;
And you hear the distant ringing bell,
As its sweet gentle music ring,
And echoes through the green and shady dell,
In time with the birds that sing.
How beautiful a sunrise in the early spring!

Come with me to the woodland at the break of day,
Among the trees in the early sunlight,
As the birds are singing an early morning lay,
The woods aglow with the sun so bright,
After the cold bleak wind has passed away,
And the trees are budding for spring
With the music of the choir, that the woodland ring—
That echoes with the songs, that the birds sing—
What a joy and delight as we listen to their songs
That thru the ages they sang so long.

Come with me to the "little old church in the dell,"
With the country people, a faithful band.
As they meet together, at the ringing of the bell
In the churches, all over this fair land
Near a beautiful grove where they happily meet
On the Sabbath day, with joy and delight
There come from the open door and windows, melodies sweet,
As the congregation all together unite,
With the organ a-playing, as the choir will sing,
Praises thru the church will ring.

Come with me to the city church, in a busy street,
With stained glass to dim the sun's light,
Where from all over the city the good people meet
In a lighted room, resembling the night.
And a pipe organ playing, as taking your seat,
The music echoes, with melody sweet,
With the chiming of the bells, ringing out so clear,
That brings to mind, a memory dear
Of the Babe in the manger, that's been sung so long,
As the choir is singing the beautiful song.

There's a longing in my heart, I cannot understand,
Of the singing birds, a happy band.
And the "church in the dell," all over the land,
And a pipe organ played, with a master hand.
There's a sweetness and a melody, that carries me away,
If I listen in tune with the Divine,
And a solemnity in them all, that is sublime—
Of the singing birds, we love so well,
And the ringing in the dell of melodies, can not tell,
And the pipe organ with music swell.

There is a sadness and loneliness in the woodland
As we listen to the bird's band,
And a joy in the singing, of the children in the dell
As innocent hearts, with music swell,
And solemnity in the pipe organ and chiming bell,
A grandeur in the brown stone wall.
And harmony and melody, that reflects from all,
That carries me away to that is divine,
As I tune my heart with love, they are all sublime
With God's first temples of olden times.

We love to hear the birds singing in the woodland,
Sweetly, their early morning lay;
And hear the choir singing a merry happy band
"Blessed Jesus, help us when we pray."
And hear the bells a-chiming, and the organ pealing out,
For we think, we hear the angels shout—
For there's a sacredness in them all, that carries me away—
A longing in them all, I can not tell—
For this grand chorus together in harmony will sing
In eternity with music ring.

PRAYER

In the kingdom of God there are no creeds,
It's "Our Father who art in heaven,"
To whom we pray for our spiritual needs,
Then on earth the answer's given.

For the harmony of love is the Father's Kingdom,
That's a balm for human cares;
And as we all pray, "Father thy will be done,"
Comes an answer to our prayers.

In love we must pray for our daily bread,
To the Father who is in heaven.
Then in sin and temptation we'll not be led,
As to others this bread is given.

As we pray to "Our Father who art in heaven"
To forgive our sins in deeds,
Then, as in love we forgive, only are we forgiven,
By lightening the burdens of others needs.

For love is the kingdom, and power forever
The sower's wayside seeds,
It's "Our Father who art in heaven," to whom so ever,
Free from error of human creeds.

FLIRTING

As walking among my garden flowers,
One bright still June day,
In nature's verdant beauty, of early hours
Scented breezes with roses and new hay;
All nature in beauty and laughter, wafting
The early sunlight glow;
And the leaves with one-another flirting
And their kisses idly throw.

VALENTINE

Again Valentine Day has come,
When Cupid will appear,
And we extend a hand of welcome,
With joy to you, my dear.

With this valentine I send a smile,
For real friends I adore,
Thence comes a "love that is worth while;"
And for yours I here implore.

Is not this valentine but the token
That I send, though small,
That your friendship that I've not forsaken,
For I value it, most of all.

For on friendship true love is found,
And yours is the dearest to me,
Then with a lasting vow be bound,
Thence true love will ever be!

A CANDLE

In your life, let there be a calm,
That your face reflect a peace,
To yourself and others a healing balm;
The joys of the world to increase.

For your life is a light-house's light,
Reflecting far out on the rolling waves
Steering the captain, who in sight,
His ship or cargo to lose or save.

IN TUNE

Man became "In tune with Infinite,"
When peace rang from clouds above
As the heavens opened, there appeared a light—
And angels singing the power of love.

As the shepherds their harps did sweetly play
On the hillsides of old Galilee;
Playing and singing, they caught the lay
That echoed long, beyond the sea.

Together they sang the tune of the Infinite,
That rang thru ages to you and me;
That the carnal mind, with power and might,
To be in tune with love so free.

For the shepherds wisely interpreted the song,
That was sung that Christmas eve,
"Peace and good" will, rang from the heavenly throng—
The war of the flesh to relieve.

Then let us listen to the song the shepherds sang
In tune with the angels in a cloud,
Of that peace and good will, long has rang
The power of love clear and loud.

For love is the balm for sorrow and its pain,
As united in one grand brotherhood;
"In tune with the Infinite," love's refrain
Of the power of God's great Fatherhood.

UNITED POWER

Nature voices an increasing, unfolding love,
And of an unseen power tells
Of the sun and planets, that shine above
On productive meads, and sunny hills.

The gentle rains, and mighty thunders roll
Glories of the darken heavens,
Makes festive groves where lovers love to stroll,
To mortals have been given.

Teaching the heat of the sun, is a grand lesson,
The source of electricity's might,
Unfolding God's varied manifold blessings,
The power of warmth and light.

God's power united with man's, to ever meet
Working wonders every day
With the light of the sun, its power of heat,
For man along life's way.

That points to an invisible power above
In nature's growth unfolding;
God's power with man's an ever present love
An Infinite work unending.

A hidden might with man ascending,
United in one grand power
As a lump of leaven that's ever increasing
With God, "rearing a flower."

A loving power that governs, from above,
"As one musical concord grand,"
In the symbols of sphere's rotations of love,
God's and man's united plan.

Points beyond faith to an invisible hand
That reaches to Horeb's heights,
"Of great Truth," descending to the lands,
Revealed through nature's might.

All derived from the great "Eternal Love,"
Reflecting by man, from God
On earth, "Eternal Truths" from above,
As a symbol in Moses' rod.

Revealing God's nature in man's own,
By truer thoughts of love,
Descending and ascending from the Eternal Throne,
Lifting mortal mind to God above.

There by giving man a truer sense of love's light,
By the law of God the spirit,
Shining forth, the source of life's might,
From God, for man to inherit.

MARRIAGE

Marriage was the command to mankind,
When man and woman came forth;
It received God's blessing, in the beginning of time,
Together to go forth, and subdue the earth.

This was the first blessing from heaven,
God saw what He had made was good;
This as a divine revelation has been given
To the race, to be understood.

Strength of character, and purity of heart,
With tranquility of mind
Comes as with fellowship of Christ a part,
With love to mankind.

It is in the realms of mind and thought,
Vivid as what we see;
And by the lowly Nazarene was taught,
From sorrow to be free.

Rich with acts and thoughts of love's emotion,
To a brother at our side;
Then a continuous product of "Peace" promotion,
In the world that's wide.

As Pilgrims passing the gates and highways,
To strengthen their integrity;
And bring the kingdom on earth as we pray,
Secured by our loyalty.

Let us live and trust, to love great reality,
Hallow it, with joy to sing,
Of faith that we live in the soul's immortality,
Peace on earth to bring.

Seal it with a gladness that fadeth not away,
Calm, with an inner serenity
Reflected to mankind to whom we pray
For life through eternity.

MY SWEET BRIER

Within my open garden, a brier rose in full bloom,
There's beauty on its bright red brow,
And fairer and sweeter, than all the roses of June
As I fondly linger by them now.

Of all my roses I love them best, for my friends I see,
For with dear ones, it once did dwell,
Long before it came to live and bloom for me,
And a little story it can tell.

Of the years, in my grandfather's yard it stood,
Back in a corner it had grown,
A place my father had played in childhood—
Wild and neglected, all alone.

And of my brother a-visiting one summer late,
As on business did roam
Tarried one night, with old friends in York State,
At our father's boyhood home.

He wished for a remembrance, as he was to depart
To take back to his Ohio home,
For the memory of his father was dear to his heart,
So to my garden, this Brier has come.

And from a little sprout to a tall bush has grown,
A story this sweet brier can tell,
Of a brother's love, and the years that have flown,
And dear ones that with us did dwell.

So my roses, you see why I love you the best,
As walking in the early hours,
As I fondly linger by you longer than the rest,
And love you the dearest of all my flowers.

In you, the memory of my friends come to me
Of their kindness, love and care;
And you, my rose-bush, has proudly come to be
A thing of joy and beauty fair.

And you were back in an old garden, neglected, alone;
Many years have been between,
And no one cared for you, and no love has been shown,
But now, little rose your beauty is seen.

A lesson from you, my sweet brier we will learn,
There are many forsaken and alone;
And for friends, love and care, their hearts doth yearn.
And their true worth is never known.

THE BIRD CHOIR

Oh! the joy among the trees, where the birds sing,
Out where childhood memories cling;
When all the leaves, and trees are bright and fair,
And happiness and joy fill the very air;
As the singing of the birds, that they all do share,
The deep tones of the bass, the loud tone of the tenor,
The softness of the alto, the leading of the soprano;
This great choir through the wood will ring
With notes loud and deep, then soft and low—
So the birds through ages will sing.

WHISPERING WINDS

In youth, I sat beneath an apple tree to rest,
Swinging up to its branches high,
In a swing, with a dear sister I loved best,
Looking in the bright blue sky.

Today beneath an old oak tree, I sit to rest,
The thoughts of youth come passing by,
With the gentle wind blowing from the west
O'er head with a whispering sigh.

What do the winds say in the branches bending low,
Among the drooping shady bowers;
Do the memories of dear ones, in them blow
Of the passing childhood hours?

Are they whispering to me, of the old apple tree,
And my father's shady woodland,
When the days were long, and hearts were free,
With trees and birds, a happy band?

For with sister in the orchard, we played and run,
Plucked the blossoms, pink and sweet,
And gathered the apples in the Autumn sun,
That were falling at our feet.

In the woods we roamed, summer and spring,
Picking the lilies, the flowers of June,
And listening to the birds in the tree tops sing
Their songs, with a cheerful tune.

And in this wind, I hear their whispering words,
The same cool spreading shade,
And trees and branches and singing birds,
As a child by their roots, I played.

As sitting beneath this tree, on the woodland hill
For this was our favorite place,
I bid my longing heart be calm and still
As in fancy I see my sister's face.

This is what the low whispering wind doth say
Of the sweet memories of my youth,
Let there be joy and happiness on the way
That will come back to you forsooth.

HONOR

The Talmud, gives credit to this old story;
When Solomon's Temple was finished,
He provided a feast, for the craftsman's glory,
At his right, an empty chair placed.

To set the worker, who gave the beauty to the structure,
Now, when the guests were gathered,
The seat was all ready, they saw with rapture,
By an ironworker seated.

Cries of indignation was therefore freely heard;
Then the King called for silence,
And said, for this smith we have the greatest regard;
Let him give his own defense.

He claimed the seat, to be his by right,
For he made the tools, for others craft;
Without him other workmen, do naught in sight
The beginning of the structure draft.

Then King Solomon spoke forth his judgment,
The seat is his by lawful right,
For all honor to ironworker's accomplishments,
And the laborer's working might.

A RETURN TO THE WOODS

Thru the woods I'll tread, as nature awakes in mirth,
This morning in early spring;
It is as sweet melodies of heaven, not of earth,
As the birds begin to sing.

Walking all alone in silence I'll listen—
I can hear each separate voice
Of the birds singing, as the tree-top's glisten,
That bids my heart rejoice.

I'll wander to yonder log, and sit and rest—
Think of the days that's past;
Look for the birds and trees I love the best,
To visit them, I've come at last.

Many years passed, now I am old man alone,
Since in these woods I roamed,
As I look around the very air seems lonesome,
Among these trees—my boyhood home.

Lifting the curtain from the past, as a story told,
Many changes since I was young,
For in this forest to fell the trees, as times of old
The woodman's ax has swung.

I will walk among them, where all they stood,
This the one, where the nuts did fall,
This the one, we loved the best in the shady wood,
Here I'll rest, by this oak so tall.

The tender leaves we reach from the low beach,
In the early spring with glee,
Here is the stump, we often play and preach;
Now these memories come to me.

I'll stroll down by the lake there I'll set to rest,
From the rays of the sun,
Underneath this willow tree, I love the best,
And watch the waters run.

The same long rows of shaggy, shady pines,
But by them, a tall oak stood,
And the walnuts and butternuts were in line
With many cottonwood.

Here is the foot-log over the running stream,
The big tree that kindly fell
Across the waters, where we drove our team,
When we heard the supper bell.

Trees, lake, and streams, I may not visit again,
But a greater joy to my soul
As I am journeying to that far away land
They are comforts, as growing old.—

DAY-DREAMING

By a calm stream I sat, on the soft green grass,
Watching the little fishes swimming fast,
Throwing stones, that the waves ripple and spread,
Reflecting the shadows of the clouds o'er head.

So I sit and idly dream, as the day may go;
Watching the fish, and ripples as they show;
Reflecting my life before me; wondrous mysteries
In the mirror of time, as fate decrees.

CHARITY

Duty calls us with people of every kind,
Of phrases of mortal existence,
And, as a pilgrim, up and down this land,
We have learned forbearance.

Remembering, there are thousands human wills,
That the world is wide,
Grinding opinions of discord, at Gundy's mill,
That's not easily set aside.

That each person has a different history
Environments from the rest,
And ambition's greed, to gain a victory
Over others, its very best.

And human life a ceaseless action
Of every day work and play,
In the different atoms, there are attractions
Along our pathway.

We know not what the mind must fight
Evil thoughts to subdue;
How they suffer under error's might
With a heart most true.

Then we should go forth in life,
With the greatest patience.
To solve the problems of human strife,
By forgiving true repentance.

To value in people what's worthy and good,
Your own temper genial,
With a charity to be truly understood,
Not offended at trivials.

Let the world wear not on our sensibilities,
But your mind calmly set;
That in life, there's great possibilities,
With difficulties met.

Let not disturbance, our temper ruffle,
But with a charity broad,
Stoop not to jealously a friend to shuffle
Aside, for ambition's fraud.

Let true worth have its rightful place,
In spite of birth or cast;
Let not false pride hinder your race
Of life's honors at last.

Even let your temper be calm and sweet,
"To neutralize that's bitter,"
And the offender's wrong to ever meet
With charity that's better.

So with charity to bear and forbear,
Evil, overcome with good
In our lives with a brother pilgrim to share
To be our daily food.

UNSEEN FORCE

There is a spirit, mystic force eternal,
A divine power from above,
Unseen, unfolding that is immortal
Revealed through human love.

It's the root of humanity's religion
Developing the mind,
To the soul of a divine relation
With God's love to mankind.

MY MOTHER'S LILAC BUSH

The bright spring days have come, the happiest of the year,
All nature is awake with verdant air so clear;
The soft winds, the budding trees, the meadows fair and green,
In the shady groves the wild flowers seen,
"The robin and the wren have come, from the south the jay;"
To mingle their songs with a bright spring day.

Here are my easter flowers, where they last year stood;
The same flowers I loved in childhood,
A south wind blowing, so comes the early April rain,
That calls from sleep, my flowers again;
The tulip, the crocuses, the daffodils, all my flowers
Are coming to beautify this home of ours.

The perennials, as the violet, as comes each year and go,
The hyacinth that comes with the appleblow,
The ferns are springing up, with the daisy in the wood,
By the run where the pussy willow stood;
And all nature to the beauty of spring doth lend
With wild flowers blooming in the glen.

The sweet-williams, and the snow-balls each year they come;
With the bridal-wreath, to decorate our home,
And the water-cresses, by the waters running still,
The yellow cow-slip, in the rippling rill,
With the verdant air so fragrant from the lilac tree,
As sweet, when a child, I gathered them so free.

Then I thought of the lilac, in my mother's garden stood,
The flowers I loved in childhood.
It's little white and purple blossom, green and glossy leaf;
Though a lovely flower, it blossomed so brief.
And in my fancy I can see that lilac bush of ours;
For it had a beauty as no other flowers.

MY GARDEN

Within my flower, and open garden,
I see them standing now,
Shining and twinkling in the star light,
With a whiteness on their brow.

I love them best, as walking in the evening,
Pick them, when the wind is low,
As the moon shines through the tree tops,
Because I love them so.

And I love the trees, so green and tall,
The grass that everywhere abounds,
And the pretty blossoms, as they fall
Through my path all around.

I love the brook that runs through after
Coming from its rippling source,
For it's like the joyful, youthful laughter
When my flowers rejoice.

I love the morning calm and tranquil,
Because it seems to say,
A day began so bright and restful
Singing a happy, joyful lay.

And I love the deep, gray, distant sky,
That beyond the clouds more blue,
Out where the dark, straight lines lie,
And the rays of deeper hue.

How I love to look over the woodland,
Among the trees, thick and tall,
And think of the times I was with them
As turning in the fall.

But my flowers are my bosom companions,
In the evening when I rest,
And I love to walk among my roses,
Pluck them the very best.

Then I look and think with joy and rapture,
As loving memories cling,
With sun-shine, joy and laughter,
As my flowers seem to sing.

There is a calm among them, that's peaceful,
For my flowers are truly restful,
And with a balmy south wind so gentle,
Then we think of youth so truthful.

OLD JEAN (TRUE STORY)

Two hundred years ago, a curly haired boy
Playing a violin before great men
In a palace at France, a delight and joy
To the ladies and all with them.

His name was Jean, noted far and wide,
For the wonderful music could bring
From the battered instrument at his side,
Notes as talking, would clearly ring.

He played and sang his best that night,
To please the King and his guests
With a beauty of the touch of fingers light,
Selected music, at their request.

But his soul was filled with sorrow
For his sweetheart lie dying
And he was to sail on the tomorrow,
To her home where she was lying.

There was great sadness in his heart,
That played wailing notes on his violin;
And Jean fell exhausted, playing a part,
With a pathos soul within.

And he died a few days thereafter,
But the beauty of his music lived on
In the hearts of friend with rapture,
That told the sweetness of his song.

The violin years after, in an attic forsaken
Found, its strings all gone
And shattered, and its neck was broken,
But its sad story lived on.

In memory of Jean its soul had survived,
Repaired by a gifted hand
It played sweet music, to his surprise
And brought to America's land.

Old Jean, the violin by name, is called,
Christened by a young musician,
And in a cherished collection installed
With a lover of music's possessions.

And none can compare with old Jean,
And when feeling sad and lonely,
He plays and sings with Old Jean
For it plays so soulfully.

For it tells of a musician's love so true,
As faithfully playing a part
In the King's palace, across the ocean blue—
Dying of a broken heart.

Meditation—The Morning Talking

I still linger by the pawn,
Gathering lilies, tall and low,
On the green and grassy lawn,
Because I love them so.

(See Page 65)

THE MORNING TALKING

A little maiden, with light golden hair,
Was up at the peep of the sun;
With laughing eyes, and rosy cheeks so fair,
Ready for a romp and run.

Up with the birds, to take her morning outing,
To listen to their singing lays,
And all nature's early morning talking,
At the sun's first bright rays.

She hopped and skipped across the grassy lawn,
Clapped her hands with laughter,
Happy and gay, in the early sun shine dawn,
As her little dog came running after.

Watching the shadows play, in the early light,
In the warm and fragrant air,
As nature was waking from its sleep at night,
To a radiant day so fair.

Picking the cow-slips, in the pond a-growing,
In the meadow with the clover.
Watching the boatsman, in the river a rowing,
As she romped and played with Rover.

Singing a tune, with the music of the brook
With the quiet waters rippling,
Watching the fishes with their cunning look,
That down the stream were swimming.

She played and jumped, from stone to stone,
As wading the waters shallow;
Then in the morning early, by the stream alone,
Her little dog did follow.

Then winding her way down, by the shady path
That lead by the old mill;
Walking backward, and forward on the foot log,
O'er the waters' rippling still.

And watching the deeper waters rushing
Where the big wheel goes around,
And as it was slowly turning, turning
Where the mill-power is found.

And listing to the wind-pump, a-pumping
As it swiftly turned around.
Then longer and louder, it was squeaking
Where the wind power is found.

Then she played and lingered by the spring
At the foot of the hill;
And drank of the cool, refreshing waters,
As boiling up and boiling still.

Then she heard a distant rumbling, rumbling
Of the milkman's loaded cart;
As crossing the old bridge, a rumbling, rumbling,
As he takes his early start.

Hallooing back at the echo—beyond the distant hill;
As o'er the meadow she romped;
Hurrah! Hurrah! she heard the echo call,
As o'er the fence she jumped.

Then she played and lingered by the pond,
Listing to the morning talking,
Picking lilies tall and sweet from the lawn
As taking her morning outing.

"Why linger little maid, with golden hair?"
Said the lilies soft and low.
"Because you are so sweet in this fragrant air
That is why I linger so."

Then the fluttering leaves, in the trees a-quivering,
"We love you are humming;"
And at her feet the dew drops are lowly talking,
"We love you, too," are whispering.—

Many lilies have come, bloomed and gone;
That were to my life a part;
And picking them, tall and white from the pond,
Were dear to my youthful heart.

And I still linger by the old shady pond,
Gathering lilies in youthful glow,
In the early dawn, on the green and grassy lawn,
Because I love them so.

The joys of my youth, have been as leaven,
I murmur soft and low,
That increases, as the ever youth of heaven,
Because I loved it—so.—

CULTURE

A rough stone fell from a temple tall,
And carelessly laid aside,
Unnoticed from the massive wall,
On the ground to abide.

Until it was found, by a workman's mall,
To smooth and polish it, he tried
For it to become smoother, brighter, than them all,
So a useful place it occupied.

A MORNING IN SPRING

A pure white mantle had covered the ground,
As I awoke to the morning light,
And nature was clothed in a beautiful gown;
For a gentle snow had fallen through the night
On the fences, house-tops and trees all around,
A pensile glow, a lovely sight.

And nowhere, but green and white to be found
Calmly and contented it lay,
In serenity, beauty and purity it did abound
In the fields and public highway,
And the trees were bending low, and not a sound—
On this wintry morning in May.

All nature in its stillness, as I was listening
At the breaking of this lovely day,
With the forest, meadows and hilltops a-glistening
In the brightness of the sun's first ray,
Oh! this snow so pure, so white, but how fleeting,
Too soon, for me, will melt away.

In their beauty, the branches are bending to the ground,
Oh! if this picture could only stay,
For nowhere in art, or nature can a prettier one be found
Than this one, before me lay,
A picture from nature's brush to mankind
Painted while the snow flakes play.

So pure, so calm, so serene too soon its departure,
As a little bird upon its wing,
I clasped my hands, in wonder and rapture—
A low, gentle tune I did sing
Can there be more beauty in the hereafter
Than this morning in spring?

TAKE TIME TO THINK

If a friend or foe have made you mad,
Your patience about worn out;
You really feel sorry and very sad,
Hardly know what you are about;
And been worrying, and feeling very sad
You will find a healing balm,
If you wait until you become more calm;
Be patient! take time to think,
Then in the chain of friendship, no broken link.

Nothing gained in speaking in haste,
Being quick, spunky and hateful;
Only much precious time gone to waste;
More becoming to be graceful,
To conquer your own temper, surely the best taste;
To protect from your own self-will;
Then in the chain of friendship no broken link,
Friend or foe, love lingers still,
For you were wise and took time to think.

Never send a letter, if an insult you've had,
For many a wrong's not what it seems,
Then if in haste, you will feel very bad;
Wait until you know what it means,
And if to you an unkind word's been spoken,
Shut your lips good and tight—
It will heal the offense and the words to soften,
If you think about it over night—
It will mend the broken link of friendship more often.

Many families have been free from separation,
And true love has come,
Because they took time for consideration,
Peace and joy came to the home;
And no strife, grief and publication,
Courts and lawyers let alone,
For they were wise to take time for meditation;
And keeping the spirit calm.
Therefore to the home it became a healing balm.

Come let us reason together, of His precepts learn
Through that one mind
Of Jesus the Christ, let us long and yearn,
For He's the balm for mankind;
"Come to the well of living water," the Master said,
From the fountain of life to drink,
And daily of the bread of life be fed,
Mend the chain, no broken link
Of friendship, because wise enough to think.

THE ROBIN

To F. B.

As sitting with a friend in twilight
We heard a robin sing
A sweet song of joy and delight,
Of the coming spring.

Then we lit the evening light,
Still the song going on,
To be stilled by the coming night
As time that's gone.

Then we thought of twilight youth,
And friends gone to rest;
Dear fond memories come forsooth
Of ones we loved the best.

Again as we listen to the robin's song,
Just as sweet as then,
For the same songs to it belong,
As years with them.

Singing in the apple tree, just the same,
Sweetest songs ever heard;
And robin of old, but dearest name
Of all the birds.

What song is sweeter than the robin's
That tells it's spring?
Too cheer our hearts and lives within
As robin begins to sing.

Long may it cheer the child heart
With tunes, the same,
And to age, pleasure and joy impart
With songs and name.

ON THE FARM

From memories memorandum, we can not erase,
The joy, and scenes of by-gone time,
As we recall to mind, each remembered place,
As we study each faded line.

There was sorrow and joy on the old farm;
For our lot, the common lot of all,
In rearing a family, comes the sunshine and storm;
And the tolling bell and pall.

And in turning over the pages, only good I see;
Forgot all sorrow and pain,
For brighter, and brighter life become to be;
In the joy we did gain.

For there was joy in the shady woodland;
Walking across the fields so level.
And listening to the songster's merry band;
As finding an Indian dart or pebble.

There was joy in looking in the clear water;
At horses drinking from the stream.
As on the bridge, we would wait and loiter;
Watching the plowman team.

There was joy, as we hear the church bell ringing;
As listening at the window sill,
And sometimes we hear the distant singing;
Melodies through the dell.

There was joy in the camp, syrup a-making,
As the water from the trees did drop;
And in harvest, as the hay we were raking;
And mother a cherry-pie did make.

There was joy in swinging, as the moon so bright,
A distant farm-dog barking.
And in the early morning, at the sun's first light,
We hear the roosters crowing.

There was joy in the fall husking corn,
And the pumpkins gathering,
As we hear the tooting of the dinner horn,
With the big wagon a rumbling.

There was joy in brushing the flies from the table;
As the harvest hands were eating,
And working over the butter, with the ladle;
And the old dash churn, a-churning.

We are glad that our youth was on a farm;
With our parents, sowing and reaping.
A remembered joy, milking the cows at the barn;
And our little calves a feeding.

What joy and fun; playing hide and seek;
With father and mother watching;
As around the corner we halloo and peep,
One, two, three we were patting.

So much joy on the farm, we cannot recall;
As many things were happening,
In the winter, spring, summer and fall;
As the seasons each were coming.

There was a joy in all, we cannot erase;
As over the faded lines we look.
Common joys and sorrow, come to the human race;
In my memorandum book.

But in turning over the pages only good we see;
By forgetting the sorrow and pain;
And brighter and brighter it becomes to be;
In the joy we did gain.

SLIDING DOWN HILL.

Do you remember when a boy, you slid down hill,
Have you since had that boyish thrill?
As from the top to the bottom you swiftly go—
Then quickly a snow ball throw?

And, at the top of your voice you give a yell,
Have you since had that boyish spell?
As you chased and hit a playmate on his back,
No sooner hit, you got a whack.

Then again, to the top of the hill you climb,
Hurrah let us all get in line,
Then swiftly over the ruts, and down you fall
In a great deep snowbank sprawl.

Then again do you remember the girl of your youth?
I know you do if you tell the truth;
As sliding on your sled behind your back,
Then a jolly time, no fun would lack.

There is a longing in my heart, to slide down hill,
A longing to have that thrill,
For in my memory and heart there lingers still,
To be a boy and slide down hill.

SISTER AND I

We planned the day, in the morning as we arose,
Maggie, when you and I were young,
To play until the setting sun, as the day did close,
And all nature with music rung.

Maggie, as we look back, when you and I were young,
How to the woods, we go for sport,
With the trees, birds and flowers to be among,
The days were all too short.

Going by the long lane, to our father's open wood,
How those walks we did enjoy;
And names of the birds and flowers we understood,
The very air full of joy.

O'er the fields and meadows, with gleeful songs
Together in happy childhood play,
Picking berries by the roadside, coming along
In a youthful, merry way.

When the trees were tapped, by campfire run,
The sugar-making our delight,
In our long spring strolls, early we'd begun
At the coming of the sun so bright.

In the branches of trees we'd climb and swing
Gathering green tender leaves,
And as fond memories they ever will cling,
The beech, our favorite tree.

Then at the coming of long summer days,
Music in everything we heard,
And merry laughter in our youthful ways,
Catching the wild humming-bird.

Together we roamed, in bright Autumn days,
In the woods a rattling leaves,
As the air full of a smoky dreamy haze,
Picking nuts under the trees.

When the days grew frosty, short and cool,
Bade goodbye, to summer play,
To prepare for the long term of winter school,
To not miss a single day.

Maggie, in childhood, the present we only knew,
But a future before us lay,
And the days and years have swiftly flew
Reflecting across our pathway—

We often dreamed, what was for us in store,
That we look back through a mist
To the scenes of childhood, not ours no more—
That together we often missed.

With these fond memories, I drop a silent tear
While humming an old song
Of passing time, thinking of by-gone years,
Maggie, when you and I were young.

And as little sisters, how me loved one another;
Since, you've held a favorite place;
As little girls, how we loved our dear mother,
With her calm peaceful face.

Maggie, many summers have come and gone
Since these joys of childhood,
That passed as the dews, on a bright sunny morn,
For joys better understood!

Maggie, our childhood days were fleeting,
But happier yet to come—
And greater joys, than those of youth coming—
Let us hale with glad welcome.

Maggie, let us know, age has little joy or truth
Only from the spirit life above;
And this is akin to the springtime of youth,
By sacrificing for love.

In my life, our childhood has held a part,
As together we crossed the ways,
And as the years pass, are dear to my heart,
Maggie! I've loved them all my days.

THE SWEETEST SONGS

I see from yonder tree top, birds begin to fly,
Reflecting in these waters,
Some are sailing high in the early morning sky,
Others, in the tree tops loiter.

Now, as when a boy, I love to hear them sing,
For the sweetest songs I've ever heard
When plowing in the fields, in the early spring
Listing to the singing birds.

I have heard the birds of the Orient singing softly,
That my heart beat still;
And the mocking bird, and the paradise softly,
But sweeter these, beyond the hill.

I have heard the songs of the lone whippoorwill,
That a softer tone to my voice did lend,
And the cooing dove, that my songs did thrill!
Sweeter ones with mine did blend.

I learned the song, of the bird with a broken wing,
As it sang low notes of love,
If it could not soar away, lift its voice and sing
In tune with birds in trees above.

But, the sweetest and dearest songs I've ever heard
As whistling in the wood with joy
In the early spring, listing to the many birds
"Driving the cows a barefoot boy."

UNWELCOME GUEST

A woman forbidden, at the home of a Pharisee,
Entered as they were taking their seat
At Simon's luxurious home, Jesus the honored guest to be,
There, she knelt at His feet.

The woman had been forbidden even entrance
To see the Master, repentance to find,
With humility and gratitude, forgot the menace
She was to the homes at that time.

She entered with no thought of self and past,
To find peace in God's plan;
For she had caught a gleam, above the caste
So prevalent in that land.

With eager joy, she approached the Master
With a token of purity and love,
Bearing a box of ointment of alabaster,
With a spirit drawn from above.

Upon His feet poured the oil with repentant tears,
Humbly wiped them, with her hair.
Thence comes a sermon, through centuries of years,
Of a woman with hope, not despair.

As Jesus saw the woman with repentance mourn,
Said, thy sins are forgiven thee,
Free from the scorn of society, that you have worn,
For such is woman condemned to be.

Jesus gave the hallowed benediction;
The forgiveness she did seek,
With a motive pure, and sin's conviction,
Humbly with a spirit meek.

Are we seated at the rich Pharisee seat,
Judging the over-burdened with sin?
Are we eating with pride the scorner's meat,
Hugging unforgiveness within?

Let us ponder this lesson, with prayer and silence,
To be filled with forgiving love,
Free from scorn, with our own repentance,
Full of Christ truth from above.

HARVEST AT THE OLD HOME

"It is good old summer time," at the old home;
Father is up at the break of day,
Hurrah! boys for the harvest work has begun,
Let us be up and doing, without delay.

Ready, and prepare the reaper to mow the hay,
At the rising of the sun;
And the girls will carry the water, so they say,
For the harvest time has come.

Curry and get the horses ready at the barn,
Open the gate wide at the lane,
And I tell you boys, I fear there'll be a storm;
For the moon is on the wane.

Our hay may get wet, and do it much harm,
And may be, a hurricane;
For we never know in harvest on the farm
What time a storm may come.

As the sun came up, the day was bright,
All was ready and moving around.
The sky was clear, and not a cloud in sight,
At noon, the hay was on the ground.

Father and boys had worked from early light,
A hot sun came boiling down;
And the hay was raked in cocks at night,
And the harvest had begun.

WHEN A BOY

Often I go a-fishing with my dog at a stream,
Until it was growing late;
And pick up the angles, behind a plowing team
For the fishes to nibble for a bait.

I would send my voice loud and deep,
Echoing away beyond the hill—
And climb the hill-side stony and steep,
Hurrah! we hear the echo still.

In the woods I spend the long summer day,
My dog and I to play and roam,
And down under a shady tree, to rest we lay,
In the evening going home.

Many a long chase, my dog and I alone,
In the branches of a tree I'd swing,
And my dog a barking at game unknown,
As I a stone did sling.

And many a time, my good, fond mother dear,
Packed a dinner with bread and meat,
Be home, my boy, that mother may have no fear,
With your dog and muddy feet.

Then with my lunch, pole, hook and line,
Whistling a tune across the way,
Through the meadow, by the hill to the pine,
To the lake to spend the day.

There under a tree, my noon-time I take
In the shade, our dinner to eat;
Rowing and fishing on the clear sunny lake
Eating my dinner, a boy's treat.

There I would stay until the sun's far in the west,
For childhood knows no time—
Then through the dark woods, I hurry my best,
The path I could hardly find.—

SCHOOL DAYS

There comes to me, sweet memories of school days,
That I cannot forget with years,
Of the boys and girls, and our happy plays,
But, shadowed with tears.

They are memories that come, with a fragrant balm,
As listening still, for the bell
To ring in the old belfry, on a morning calm,
Echoing through the dell.

The past is now present, the distant near,
As their lives blend with mine;
Again the old school room we see, voices hear,
As we kindly think of them.

And, I think I hear a eulogy of cheer,
Their beauty is growing old;
And let there be no sorrow, dread or fear;
But peace to thy soul.

And, as time silently passes in haste along,
There has been a solemn toll;
In that dear schoolroom, our youthful home,
Some missing, as we call the roll.

The boys and girls, how we loved them all!
Yet, they seem to me so dear,
As I think of them, in the days of Fall,
Time the school begins each year.

And what in our life, seems so very strange
As our daily work employ;
The fondness of the past, in memory never change,
Thinking of the girls and boys.

For there together we get our lessons, tricks we do
In passing the happy hours,
That sealed a lasting memory, and friendship true
To our teacher, by bringing flowers.

With them, dear memories I'll not forget
As bright oasis in my life;
And a friendship, and influence, I'll not neglect.
That has softened many a strife.

For it is a friendship, that no other can fill,
That is dearer than all the rest;
And, as I sit and think of them in the evening still,
I love them all, the best.

A PICTURE

As walking in the woodland, in the morning,
A picture came to me,
Through a valley, as the sun was slowly rising
In the dark waters of the sea,
The splendor and beauty of its rays reflecting
The glory of her majesty.

It is springtime, and the wind is blowing,
Through the plains of Galilee;
And shepherds on the hillside their flocks attending,
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And by the shore wild fowls are gathering
Along the silent waters of the sea.

The night is past, and nature from sleep awakening,
With warmth across the lea,
James and John, by the shore their nets a-mending.
Brothers, the sons of Zebedee,
And Peter and Andrew, casting their nets in the sea.
These fishermen of Galilee.

From the mountains, Jesus is silently walking
O'er the plains to the sea.
Nearer by the wayside, now He is coming
To these fiishermen of Galilee,
"The Kingdom of heaven is at hand," is preaching
"Follow me," to be fishermen of men.—

THE TWO PICTURES

"What do the wild waves say"
To the old man on the deck, in a blanket clad,
Out on the dark waters far away,
Looking so lonely, lonesome, forlorn and sad?

Sailing to a harbor beyond the shore,
Across the deep waters to a fair and brighter day.
For time is backward, not before,
That is what the wild waves doth say.

"What do the wild waves say"
To a maiden fair, in youth and beauty clad,
Out on the dark waters far away,
Looking so joyful, happy, hopeful and glad?

Sailing to a harbor, the nearby shore,
Across the deep waters to a fair and brighter day.
Time is not backward but before,
That is what the wild waves doth say.

This is what the wild waves say
To the longing youth, and age that's sublime,
There is a harbor beyond the bay,
A home of the earth and a home divine.

JOY

"The morning's stars sang in joy together."
In the stillness of their light,
Regardless of the discord, in the weather,
They had sung through the night.

Consecrated joy knocks at every door,
Where there is sorrow and tears;
Knocking now, as in ages gone before
To silence our doubts and fears.

Let joy be an honored and welcome guest,
For sorrow and grief it will alloy,
And in our silent prayer, let it be our request;
For that more abundant joy.

Joy, is the natural heritage of man,
Flowing from the fount of love,
That we be joyous and happy is God's plan
Descending from the spirit above.

Let us avail ourself of that consecrated joy,
That never ceases, to flow for us,
For joy born of love, all sorrow it will alloy,
And a peace that's glorious.

Let our lives radiate with love and promised peace,
That our joy may be full,
Then in the universe of God, it will increase
To a harvest that is bountiful.

THE WIND A-TALKING

A black cloud shadows the moon's dimmed light;
The wind a-blowing far and wide,
Loud, then low, on this cold winter night,
As the snow is drifting on every side.

A steady low wind that the window shake;
With a low murmuring whispering;
Then a fiercer wind, that the house will shake,
With a low murmuring talking.

Then a louder whistling the corners about
A sad lonesome doleful sound—
Blowing fiercer and longer all the house around
Where great snow drifts abound.

We listen again, for the whispering and talking
Through the tall lonely pines
At the old home; tonight there comes a longing
For friends of by-gone times.

AS THE SEASONS GO

As the seasons of the year, come and go;
We love them all the best;
When in the spring, we plow and sow;
We love it, better than the rest.

Then comes a warm, bright summer day;
The dust, gnats, and flies, a pest,
But as the barefoot children play;
We love it too, the best.

And the hazy, dreamy days of Fall,
With its red, and golden leaves,
We love it too, the very best of all,
With its cool, and frosty breeze.

Last the winter, with its wind and snow,
With our fingers tingling so;
As the boys and girls, the snow balls throw,
We love it too, the best we know.

The Sheep on the Hillside Grazing

(See Page 87)

AN AUTUMN DAY

As walking in the Autumn's early sunrise gleam;
In the far distance, a smoky haze;
And thinking of friends and home, as a by-gone dream;
Watching sheep on the hillside graze;
And the cattle resting, by a clear running stream.
Thus nature in beauty, before me lay,
With its foliage in the rays of the sun's first beams;
Oh! the splendor of this autumn day.

An ancient picture from the great artist's brush;
That Jack Frost had painted.
And over the hills, and tree tops a silent hush
As the frozen dew, as diamonds sparkle,
And the red sun came up, with a gentle breeze
O'er fields a-glow with her coming
Then pierces gust of wind, with a tinge of freeze,
Playing hide-and-seek with leaves falling.

We gather the goldenrod by the handful
That along the roadside blooming,
And in the clumps the cat-nine-tale so graceful,
That in the swamps a-growing;
Gathering the leaves as the days when youthful
Under a maple aflame as turning
The summer to autumn days so gay and fair,
But a sad loneliness in the air.

The sky so hazy and all nature is so restful,
With the forest tinged so grand,
A feeling of homesickness come to me so wishful,
As the birds flying to warmer lands,
For they had been singing to me so gleeful,
But leaves and trees, sang a happy song,
As the blackbirds gathered together, their noisy band,
Flapped their wings and were gone.

The squirrels darted in the trees, from limb to limb,
Barked as I was watching him
Slyly leap from branch to branch in time
With the leaves, as singing a tune
In harmony with the birds, as they did sing
Of sowing the seeds, in the spring,
And reaping the harvest, in the fall we may rest,
This season we love the best.

As the summer is passing so gay and bright,
With the days of autumn coming on,
And in the smoky clouds, the sun's half-hid light,
Then we think of childhood gone;
When we studied and learned our lessons at night.
By the lamp light, the evenings long
With loved ones gathered around the fire so bright,
Comes a sigh, for childhood home.

A WINTER STORM

A snow is falling fast, and covering the ground,
The wind is blowing, dismal, cold and bleak.
And the clouds, black, dark and heavy all around,
A chilling blast through the windows creep
With an awful blustering, windy, shrieking sound.

And a piercing wind through the woods is blowing,
A cold blast on the hillside sweeping,
Drifting all around, the snow heavy, cold and deep,
And great piles, in the roadside lying,
As the storm is coming through the valley with a shriek.

Fiercer the wind is blowing around the corner about,
And as the night is coming on
All is dark and desolate, but we are safe at home!
We think of many to whom may come harm,
For Oh! it is fearful to be out in such a storm.

As colder the wind is blowing, fiercer in its might,
We pity the sailor on the waters deep
Out where the wind in a mad rush doth sweep;
We are thankful for shelter and light,
And that we are safe on this blustery winter night.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR 1914 AND 1915

The Old Year, and the New, meet in an open door,
The Old One, to his children bids adieu.
Going, as the Old ones did in years before,
The New One bows, as coming through.

The New Year comes, as a weaver at his loom,
The garments of our lives to weave;
To take the threads of the shuttle soon
As the Old One takes his leave.

And as crossing our path reflects his light
As he weaves his last thread today;
Then passes out, at the hour of midnight—
The shuttle of Time, makes no delay.

We hail the New Year as the Old One bowing out
With time, as a passing dream;
And as he turns backward his last look about,
We watch his glimmering gleam.

The New Year comes to be a studied theme,
Our mistakes to help us through;
That God is love, then the past it will redeem,
By being honest, just and true.

Let us sing a sweet song, as the years pass by,
Of love at the loom, let there be content,
And we bid farewell with a whispering sigh,
For happiness this year has lent.

Let us live the New Year, that we'll not lament,
No scalding tears will shed
Over the mistakes of the past as the year went,
By weaving a stronger thread.

For the Old and New Year, the bells will chime,
And across our path, shadows spread,
Let us reverently bow, to Old Father Time,
And have no fears, nor dread.

Through the open door the new friends meet,
Where the Old One his last thread broke;
And with "A Happy New Year" each other greet,
As each to their duty awake.

The Old and New Year on the threshold stand,
Wistfully they survey the throng,
As across the line they clasp their hands
Passing the shuttle, they pass along.

The years pass tonight, each their way alone,
Looking backward, a passing dream;
Looking forward, seemly all is unknown
But love, solves the studied theme.

For the tissues of our garments will surely be,
As we weave with love that's shown,
And in the coming year we will surely see
We will reap, as we have sown.

There are no heartaches and consuming care,
Doubts and mysteries lurking there,
If we thread our shuttle with love we'll see
Great and lasting victories will be.

Slowly the Old Year, his last thread did weave,
And now the New Year, the weaver sits,
And bids farewell to the Old One as he leaves,
The New One to weave his nets.

THE IMAGE OF WAR

God still lives, in the universe of Heaven,
And when Truth is truly understood,
It will be as a little lump of leaven to leaven
The spirit of brotherhood.

For true Christianity has not gone down;
Truth, even as a mustard seed
Will become as a tree, that the fowls around
To shelter in time of need.

The centuries cannot be rolled back,
And labor for thousands of years
Will not go to utter ruin and rack
And the world brought to tears.

But much may be effected grievously;
No seeming advancement for a time,
And progress be checked disastrously,
For the present good of mankind.

For truth is mighty, and will prevail!
Its moving backward, false alarm,
For at present it's only hidden by a veil,
There is a signal behind the storm.

Let us lift high hope that is sublime,
For universal peace and love,
That truth for thousands of mankind
Will shine as the stars above.

For sometime the cloud of war will be lifted,
For we see certain measures of light,
And the Nations, in God's sieve will be sifted
And truth live in power and might.

Come let us listen with thoughts of love,
To accents too still for the natural ear
For peace, that was herald from the clouds above,
That comes through centuries of years.

A lesson from Nebuchadnezzar's dream of old,
Of the image of clay, iron, brass, and gold,
As broken became as the chaff of the threshing floor
No place found for it any more.

But the stone that smote the image came forth
As a mountain to fill the earth;
The Kingdom fell, the King crawled on the ground,
The image no place to be found.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd, I have found,
And in green pastures to feed;
That has given me peace and quiet mind,
And by still waters lead.

He restoreth anew, my weary soul,
That leads to righteous paths,
As the Psalmist, and the Prophets of old,
And takes away all wrath.

Though the valley of death, o'er shadows me,
No evil I will fear;
For thy rod and staff a comfort be,
That wipes away each tear.

Thou prepareth a table ever before me,
In presence of enemies of mine,
Thou anointeth my head with oil, I see
Of gladness of every kind.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me,
That takes away all strife,
My dwelling in the house of the Lord to be,
All the days of my life.

A SOLDIER'S RETURN

Eave-dropping

O'er head the stars were twinkling, a quiet wind blew;
There sat beneath a shady tree, a maiden true.
Through the drooping limbs that were waving in the air,
Came a glimpse of a sweet face, with golden hair;
Sweetly singing a low gentle song, in a shady nook,
As watching shadows in the running brook
Of the moon and stars, reflecting in the waters bright,
On a summer evening of a lovely night.

It was a song of love, sung by a singer's gifted tongue,
In a sweet low voice, she dreamingly sang;
As she sat and watched the shadows of the trees below
In the dark and light, wafting to and fro;
Softly singing one melody o'er, then o'er again anew;
Then longer and louder all the way through;
As watching the stars twinkle in the sky so blue—
Thinking of her soldier lover so true.

Then o'er in a low soft air, she sang, then louder set forth;
Wafted toward me, with the wind from the north;
We looked again for the maiden, her fair face was gone;
But the melody of her singing was going on
As she walked beneath the trees, branches bending low,
Singing a ballad she had heard not long ago,
Of one who had been wounded in war, a hero brave
Deserted, on the cold battlefield had laid.

Then suddenly her song had ceased, then we hear
A joyful merry laugh, a shout, but not of fear;
As we stopped and listened, a tender low voice did speak,
For she had not expected her lover to meet.
And beneath the shades of an old willow tree,
We heard whispering, 'Dearest, I love but thee,
And saved from the battlefield, I now claim you mine,
Long you have waited, but I am ever thine."

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

My dearest, does it seem to you that we are old?
Is there now as great a charm,
And does our life together seem like a story told
Since I first took you in my arms?

Do you remember how we met at the gate
Under the old poplar tree so tall;
When the summer's days were growing late—
"Resting on the old stone wall?"

Then I took your youthful hand in mine,
Beneath the star-light sky;
That you loved and cared for me true and kind,
I saw in your truthful eye.

Then I told you, I was in this world all alone,
That I had chosen you from the rest;
And that for myself and you, would make a home,
That I loved you, the dearest and best.

Then, as we sat alone, "on the old stone wall,"
There we promised our love, in youth;
It was a hazy smoky day, late in the Fall,
When we pledged our lives in truth.

Then you laid your head on my breast in tears,
Your voice as then, charms me still;
Even though it's been so many, many years,
There's yet, that youthful thrill.

My love, many summers have come and gone,
Many happy days we have had
Since we were married, that beautiful morn;
And few are the days that's been sad.

As we look backward to our love of youth,
Never an unkind word;
For we were guided by the Book of Truth,
Therefore, no strife's been stirred.

My love, you always used the healing balm,
That had the fragrance of peace
That reflected a glad and lasting calm
Hence love, with years, increased.

My dear, let us go and rest by the vine covered door,
Look up in the sky so blue,
As we did so many, many years before,
Where we promised to be true.

We'll think of our children whose gone away,
That a joyous time should be
With a golden wedding, remembered us today;
Their aged parents, you and me.

Let us walk out yonder by the garden gate,
And listen to the cooing dove;
Though the evening is growing a little late,
There again declare our love.

And think of many happy days that's gone,
"Resting on the old stone wall;"
And, there is no separation in the great beyond,
When we bid farewell to all.

Let us pause here, and reflect over the past—
Unselfishness has been our tie,
And again renew our vow, that it will always last,
And keep us from many a sigh.

Therefore, our marriage has been true and lasting,
Reaping the fruits of love
In affections pure, strong and elevating,
That will live with God above.

My dearest, in truth there is no growing old,
And standing here, by this gate
With a golden love, you, my arms I enfold
To comfort, as life's growing late.

We have been crowned with a long useful life,
Since we first rested on this wall;
Fifty years ago, you promised to be my wife,
Beneath this tree so tall.

Many, many years have passed, quickly gone,
Since we first lingered by this gate,
Now take my arm, as you did when young,
And go in—for it's growing late.—

A BRIGHTER DAY

Did you meet a thorn, in your pathway;
That made your heart sorely ache?
But it turned to a rose, on some future day,
Because you bore the wound for others sake.

Did you meet a lion, in the public highway,
Feared as if your heart would break,
But as you passed by again on another day,
A friend had chained it, for your sake?

Were you in the dark, not one single ray of light,
With a wounded heart, that sorely ached,
Betrayed by a friend, no ray of hope in sight,
Forsaken, as if your heart would break?

Think how Jesus was treated with His mighty love;
With jealousy, contempt, and scorn;
Because His life, and spirit was born from above,
He wore the crown of thorns.

The Jews thought a great victory they had won;
As bearing His cross up the highway,
And seemly to the world, He was left alone,
But to the Father, we hear Him pray.

And not His will, but the Father's ever be done;
He prayed for the cup, "to pass away."
And for the sacrifice on the cross, a victory won;
In the Garden, at the close of that day.

So seemly if the roses turn to prickly thorns,
A fierce lion, in the highway,
And your heart will ache, and you feel forlorn,
Do as Jesus, "let us pray."

We will bear the cross gladly, sadly, all alone,
If others, we can help on the way;
Knowing in love, that a great victory will be won;
To us, a clearer and a brighter day.

THE MAJESTY OF NATURE.

How majestic and mystic are the works of creation,—
Of the moon and stars shining at night;
And we behold them with wonder and admiration
As the world turning in its might,
With the sun and moon in their daily graduation,
Turning darkness into light.

We stand in awe at the mountains as they tower,
In wonder how they were planned;
We fear and revere the lightning and thunder shower,
As we humbly trust in God's hand,
For there is a sublimity, and awfulness in its power,
As it roars in the clouds, sweeps o'er the land.

The sweeping wind out where the billows dash and roll,
And the majesty of the river's falls,
And the deep depth of the lake covers like a pall,
Unlike the beach, so clear and crystal
As it ebbs, wearing pebbles smooth and small
We think of mighty power over all.

The polar regions, bound in icebergs and snow,
Great northern lights in fiery glow,
And the sunny tropics, where luxurious fruit grows,
Sandy deserts, where the wind blows,
All these a great and mighty power doth show,
Of the wonders nature bestows.

The harmony of colors and tints of the rainbow above,
Teaches that in nature, "God is love."
The green and verdant vales, and blooming flowers,
That make happy the morning hours,
And the wild flowers in the wood strewed around,
Proving a power, unseen abounds.

Then o'er the land, a great and mighty cyclone sweeps,
In the distance we hear a roar,
Following rivers in its fierce and mad leap,
Smoking black clouds higher soar,
And, as we behold the storm, in its destructive power
What an awful sad and fearful hour!

Then again, the gentle calm rain of springtime
Awakening the earth, from winter's night,
Bringing forth the green fields and life of every kind
As the sunshine in warmth and light,
And the budding trees in beauty and glory divine,
Awakening nature in bright sunshine.

Even the lesser things that's strewed all around,
As the herbs and thistles on the ground,
By the great mountain sides, pines and brush abound,
On the seashore pretty shells found,
And the mushrooms coming up after a shower,
All show a great unseen power.

In the forest, where the wild beast howl and roam,
And the savage race of man is found,
The majesty of the lion on a rock by the sea shown;
Many island the mountain peaks,
And a little stone on the beach a sermon doth preach,
And a beautiful lesson teach.

We look in the heavens distance, vast and great—
As nature is silent—fast asleep,
But no less majestic are the flowers at our feet,
In their beauty that's sublime.
With the wonders of heaven, mysteries of the deep,
A veneration that's divine.

"Oh! the mysteries and wonders of nature's creation,"
Cried out David the poet of old,
As he humbly bowed in awe and adoration
Of the goodness of God that's told;
And in His law that is eternal, we follow Him,
Then love overthrowing in peace to men.

As nature in its majesty, and vastness unfolds,
In a mystery to the mind of men
Of the many wonders that's been told
"What is man?" "God is mindful of him!"
In the beginning "man the crowning glory of all,"
For the immortality of his soul.

THE GREAT ROUND SUN

When the earth awakes to the sun's first gleam,
Arises over the hilltops bright,
Reflecting its shadow in the crystal stream
On the stones, and pebbles a mellow light,
And the meadows and woods it shines upon—
Telling the majesty of the great sun.

So the beauty of the tints on the morning dews,
Reflecting the sun's varied hues,
And the long shadows pass quickly away,
As across your path at noon-day,
And shorter and more silent shadows lie,
As it arises in the mid-day sky.

Then it travels in its full light, heat and blaze,
Westward as the night's coming on,
Ever faithful to its duty, through the nights and days.
That tell of another sun that's gone,
As through varied scenes in its course did whirl
The history of another day to herald.

It's long dark shadows in the sunset beam,
Of the great round sun so bright,
Reflecting its red rays in the running stream,
Of the beauty of its faded light,
And what glory, solemnity and power to behold,
The same sun set for children of old.

What if the sun could tell of the many scenes
In its course it looked and seen,
For it shines for this, and other nations and all;
Can tell why they arise and fall,
And that the history of a country, will surely be shown,
That it will reap as it has sown.

As first the great sun in space began to roll,
Ages, years, months, days be told
For it has measured these since the beginning of time,
Held by a power to a circular line
From early morning, noon and coming night,
Never failed to reflect its light.

Though a dark, black cloud, may lie between,
Not a ray of its glory to be seen,
But somewhere on this great big round earth
In its light is shining forth,
And never from the beginning its Creator betray,
Nor from its rightful duty stray.

In warmth and light it first rolled in space,
Beginning of time to the human race,
Dividing the light from darkness on its way,
The greater light to rule the day,
Shining on the unjust as well as the good,
A lesson to be understood.

That the sun is in harmony let us learn,
With the planets to duty is firm,
And always in the straight and narrow way,
Nor from its path never stray,
And the nations, rise and fall, will depend upon
What we learn from the great round sun.

TRUTH

Christ's truth is mighty and will prevail,
As light to the mid-night gloom,
An unseen power that rent the temple's veil,
Broke the Roman's seal of the tomb.

The Truth, the stone the builders' rejected
Has been working through all ages,
Though the heavens and earth pass away
Will remain through histories pages.

A power that caused the walls of Jericho to fall
As the Israelites marched around,
And by the word of Moses the seas parted,
That they crossed on dry ground.

The power that preserved Daniel in the lion's den,
And Babylon to crumble and fall,
Still lives in the works of the children of men,
An unseen power over all.

A power above all human power or throne,
A Truth, that error will fall,
But this only to the spirit life is known,
That God's harmony rules over all.

A hidden power to the carnal mind unseen,
In ceremonies and many creeds;
But God's love reflected in the hearts of men,
That supplieth all human needs.

As after the sunshine and rain, blades appear
Ever God's law of might,
And as an oasis on a sandy desert drear
To the traveler's delight.

For Truth is the Balm of Gilead to the distressed,
Of loving words and deeds.
And trouble, strife and sorrow it will suppress,
For humanity's needs.

Let us lift up Truth, as a beacon light,
Along life's pathway,
By doing our work a-right, ever in love's might,
Truth reflecting day by day.

A NIGHT'S REST

Lost our trail, horse and I, at the close of a winter's day,
The air biting crisp, a deep snow lay;
Had ridden from early morn, by the mountain side
To a path of the wood, across a plain;
Not a light was near, only away beyond the bay,
And before us, a river dark and wide—
There we were lost, at the entrance of a dark pine.

The moon hid behind a cloud, sinking in the west;
Great rocks, and lonely all around—
Stars were shining, the day closing for its rest;
And sheets of ice on the barren ground,
Dark on the waters deep, up the mountains steep,
The wind sweeping through the plains,
Here, horse and I were lost at the entrance of a pine.

The moon sinking in the west, stars my only light,
In a tree, within a hammock swung,
We will soundly sleep, this cold and silent night,
My horse and I, with blanket warm,
Here I will swing to and fro, as the falling snow;
In a tree, sheltered as from a storm,
And we will forget we are lost, in the lonely pine.

Thinking of loving kindness of Him who watches all,
In a swinging bed I will lie,
With thoughts of friends, watching stars to fall
As gazing at the majesty of the sky;
With my faithful horse, give thanks and glad,
That with blankets are warmly clad,
To soundly rest in the dark whistling pine.

By the waters dark, swinging up and down
In the stillness, no sound to me,
Only my horse a-sleeping, lonely all around—
With the murmuring river bed,
And the whispering in the branches overhead;
I awoke in the bright sunshine,
Rested, with a night's rest in the lonely pine.

THE SIGN OF RAIN

A lovely June morning has just begun,
In the east a bright red sky,
And the little flowers were dry and lonesome,
As in their quiet bed did lie.

At night, they had closed their eyes to rest,
All united in a wishful song,
As they folded their arms across their breast,
For a rain did long.

And before the sun was shining out,
Awoke in an early hour;
And all nature gave a hurried shout,
For a rain to help the flowers.

And in their slumber, we heard them talk,
Hoping it would storm today,
As their beds were dry, and withered stocks,
Wished a rain would come that way.

And now there comes a loud joyful sound;
A cloud arising in the west,
And the rain in great drops is coming down,
On their dry and parched breast.

Then the grass, and flowers began to sing
With the rain pouring down,
In tune with the plants, and everything,
Clapping hands, jumped around.

There's beauty in a shower, my flowers see,
Hear music in the rain,
For their loveliness will come back to be
As drooping heads rise again.

How refreshing, comes up from the ground,
As all nature begins to speak,
Of a green and lovely landscape all around
"And the bee its honey seek."

So let us rejoice, with the grass and flowers,
With hearts glad and gay,
For the red sky predicted coming showers,
At the beginning of the day.

For this is a sign from away back in Galilee,
If morning is red and bright,
A storm of wind and rain, surely will be
Before the coming of the night.

TO THE NIAGARA FALLS

Fall on, fall on; thou great Niagara, fall—
Long through the ages, thou hast foamed;
Roll on, roll on; thou mighty waters roll.
When thou set forth who hast known?
But often of thee, the redman told,
Of the rushing, mighty waters.

That long years, thou didst foam and dash alone,
Before the whiteman came to thy shore;
And in thy mad rush, leaped and swept along
In the silent night, in times of yore.
Who then heard thy rush, and mighty waters roar,
As thou dashed and leaped in ages before?

And before ships of commerce made this their home;
To whom, great Niagara, didst thou belong?
When first thy great and mighty waters did roll
Over thy precipice wide and deep.
And as all the world was silent and asleep,
Didst thou roar, foam, dash and leap?

We have a fear and solemnity in the hour,
When thou, we first behold!
Rolling on, in thy majesty, and mighty power,
As thy waters dash, splash, and foam.
A wonder, and awfulness that'll not be told
As thy mighty waters rush, and roll—

The mist foams, foams when thy waters fall,
And, rushing, rushing waters roll—
Reflecting the bright rays of the sun's light
On the mist, and foam above the stream,
Revealing a power, we reverence in majesty and might
Beyond thee, Niagara Fall unseen.

Niagara, we behold thee, in awe and veneration,
For thy greatness, power and might!
Long do we look with half fear and adoration—
As thy waters rush day and night,
And we wonder what will be thy destination
In these magic times of mind and light.

THE MOON

As looking from my kitchen window,
  At the big moon going to rest
Behind the trees where the wind did blow,
  As it's sinking in the west.

Oh! how many moons have gone to rest,
  Going, going down all alone,
The great big red moon in the west
  In the sky, it's far away home.

Thou silent moon, what hast thou seen
  Since you first began to travel?
And where in space hast thou been?
  To me, you are a marvel.

Days, months, years, and ages through space,
  Never too early or too late;
With great beauty on thy shining face,
  With stars, thy silent mate.

We see great wonder on thy silver crest,
  And Solemnity on thy brow,
As at my window I see you, in the west.
  And gaze upon you now.

There was beauty in that silent moon—
  As it quickly sank from sight;
So bright and full it left too soon,
  From its travel over night.

MOTHERHOOD

A mother who in her arms a babe doth hold,
Sits on the highest throne on earth,
And to her breast a tiny babe doth fold,
A mother of a nation, as she gave it birth.

Wife and mother with reverence and loyal grace,
All honor to thee, we will allow,
And no statesman or king, hold a greater place,
Nor greater laurel, to the queen's brow.

You as a mother, with your love and care,
The race depends upon your time,
With a little babe, lovingly rocking there,
No greater calling, can we find.

The sacrifice of a mother, for the child's sake,
This, the life of the nation calls,
For she the foundation of the home doth make.
In the humble cot. or palace wall.

Then with the mother, let us join the cradle song,
In reverence, with a low and tender voice,
For to her the crown of a nation doth belong,
Then for mothers, let us all rejoice.

Mother, you who risked your life and blood,
You fill the most honored place today.
For you have the greatest influence for good
So the learned scientists' say.

A great personage as a national assembly met,
A seat by his mother did take,
"This the greatest honor to me," he said as yet,
This tribute to his mother did make.

All love and reverence to mothers', we decree,
The greatest place, this world to fill;
For in the past and future, we can see,
No better law, than a mother's will.

Then greater honor to motherhood, we aspire,
For the hope of the nation will be;
To youth, greater reverence to mothers' we inspire,
Then to the race, greater strength decree.

SILENT GROWTH

Man marvels at the silent growth of spring-time
When the buds unfold, seeds force their way
After a gentle shower, and the bright sunshine,
That awakens from sleep, the perennial plant
As the sun clears the mist, at the break of day;
And the foliage became luxuriant,
As the warmth quickens the seeds of every kind
In the fields and the public highway,
To feed the great masses of hungry mankind,
The showers and the sun's bright ray,
Are the silent workmen of springtime.

They are nature's great propelling moving motor,
Dispelling the wind of winter's dark shroud,
As spring set forth to put the old earth in order,
By yielding to the touch of sun and cloud,
That awakens the hills, to new bloom of sweet odor,
That passes over the grass and meadows,
As the trees are putting forth branches and leaves
That the cattle are resting under the shadows,
And the fields are ripening their abundant sheaves,
As comes the sun and showers of harvest time
To feed the great masses of hungry mankind.

"WHO IS MY MOTHER?"

Our Master and Teacher said, "Who is My Mother?"
Away back in the land of Galilee,
"He that doeth my Father's will," my mother and brother,
A truth He taught to you and me.

Should it ever be your sad, and sorrowful lot,
To loose your mother, in your youth,
Remember all good women have a mother's heart,
And aspire to motherhood, in truth.

Woman, teach your heart a love that is divine,
For you may be chosen for a wife,
And to the care of a child, that will be thine,
Then a happy and peaceful life.

Mother, teach your child a love that is divine,
For to leave it, may be your lot,
And that there is a love to woman that is sublime,
Then peace and comfort as you depart.

"Love is the key that will unlock the door
To protect the child, if left alone,
This Jesus taught, for He observed in years of yore,
No greater love, to the child be shown.

And with what great love He loved the child;
He took them in His arms, at times
And taught this truth that was worthwhile,
True love, in the hearts of womankind.

So if she should leave her child to depart
In some other good woman's care,
For such is of this life a sad and sorrowful part,
This love to the child will be fair.

The Master said, who is my brother and mother,
"He that doeth My Father's will."
So good sister, if it's your lot to care for a child of another,
The place of a mother you will fill.

THE WHISPERING ROSE

The sun was setting o'er the distant hill,
As a homeward path I took,
And a cool, gentle wind was blowing still,
As I came to the path, by the brook.

Here is my home and the old open gate,
Near by the poplar tree, so tall
Where we used to play, as the day was growing late,
And rake the leaves in the fall.

There in the garden, where the bee-hives set in the sun.
And the same sweet scented breeze,
And the fences with tall weeds all overgrown,
There in rows the same apple trees.

At the close of this fair summer day so warm,
Laying by all my manhood care,
To visit again, my father's old Ohio farm,
And to breathe again this country air.

Many have been the days and months that passed,
That time has numbered into years,
And, as I am here to my old home at last,
There comes to my eyes—unwelcome tears.

As walking around my old home, I softly tread,
Looking for each remembered place,
And by many fond memories I am led,
Thinking, of my dear mother's face.

In fancy, I can see her at the window pane
Where roses blossomed under the eaves,
Looking for my coming up the long lane,
As throwing back, the green leaves.

Silently, I hear a well remembered tone,
Beneath the casement window low,
And the roses lowly whispering, told me of one,
My mother, I dearly loved years ago.

And there together her roses and I did weep,
For we missed a dear one today;
And they told me, as she calmly fell to sleep,
She remembered my name on the way.

I will lean my head to this window pane,
For my mother's fond caressing,
As in my boyhood days I did the same,
Again, to receive her blessing.

And by this window, my mother I can see,
As she sat reading in by-gone days,
And many dear memories all come back to me,
As listening to what the roses say.

My mother I loved in my boyhood youth,
In love, there's no separation,
For with her kindness I imbibed a truth,
Her life's been my inspiration.

There is no place in the world, so free from harm,
When we are young, or old,
And no place in the world, like mother's gentle arms,
As around her boy she kindly folds.

This I told the roses as I scented their perfume,
As listening to their low whispering,
And promised them I'll come back next June,
So I bade farewell, with fond caressing.

And a great handful I'll take to another,
To see the beauty of the whispering rose;
For they tell of my youth, and the love of mother,
So I leave them in their quiet repose.

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE

In youthful days, my chum was mother,
To be with her my greatest joy,
She played and romped with me as no other,
Her teasing, playful boy.

Often together we took a long walk,
Across the fields in the spring;
Of the flowers and birds, we would talk,
With them, we would sing.

She listened to all the stories I'd tell,
Of the boys and girls at school,
Hurry me off, at the ringing of the bell,
And to obey my teacher's rule.

I would whistle to her the song of the whippoorwill,
That I had learned in the wildwood,
Then with tunes and songs of other birds I'll thrill,
The pride of my childhood.

She would go with me to the hill, to the chestnut tree,
Where the nuts were to be found,
After Jack Frost had seared the leaves,
Throwing prickly burrs all around.

And when I had strayed by the running brook,
Her arms around me close,
And warn me, nor my faults overlook,
With earnest words, but calm repose.

I remember she looked so sad and pale,
As her kind eyes upon me fell,
When I told her, that on the lake there was a gale,
For the truth to my mother, I'll tell.

For in her face, there was a kindness and power,
That kept me in the narrow road,
And always helped me in each trying hour,
Trusting me, she always showed.

She taught that to scold, and sternly beat,
To falsehood often turned a youth;
But down by her, to quietly take a seat,
There unfold to me the truth.

I remember how she looked, as she knit her brow,
When I strayed from promised way,
And take me on her knee, her arms around me throw,
How sorry, that I had gone astray.

So my mother and I each other understood,
Her life has been a part of mine
To influence for good, from early childhood,
With the years and passing time.

Now I am an old man, I think of my mother,
For climbing the hill of life,
There's nothing like a good home and mother,
To keep us from sorrow and strife.

And mothers, be a chum to that wide awake boy,
Play with him in passing time!
And when he is old, he'll look back with joy;
Then in age, he is thine.

Mothers, be patient with that wayward boy,
An influence over him will throw,
And his sorrow, pain and strife, it will alloy,
This, dear mothers, I truly know.

You have the greatest influence for good,
Over childhood and youth,
To guide him in the path of true manhood,
In after years to reap in truth.

ARTIST AND POETS

The birds, meadows, woodland, rivers and hills
Are the source of the Master of Art,
For their songs of nature, the Poets and Artist thrills,
Of their poems and pictures a part.

For over poetry they are the source of power,
The beauty of the artist tints and glow,
Of the majesty of the stars, the wayside flower,
And clouds and beautiful snow.

The shades of the sky, and shadows at our feet,
Pictures and poems, we love best;
And the sunset hues, the noontide glow of heat,
Are honored and beloved guest.

In the palaces of the city, "or cottage by the sea,"
The poets and artist cheer our hearts,
In halls of kings, or lowly cot in the lea,
Of nature the greatest part.

The pen of the poet, and the artist gifted hand
Be praised loud and long;
For they love to write and paint, of the shady woodland,
And the minstrels favorite songs.

For singers have a note and song from every bird,
That echoes in halls loud and clear,
That the poet wrote of the woods, in melodious words,
So they of the city, nature can hear.

Of all the great poets, we often think of you,
That you wrote poems, line for line,
And studied them over, many times not a few,
To change, you would often find.

There's something beautiful in the poet's mind,
Artist too, in thought's meditation,
For vision of pictures and poems, come at any time,
Of beauties of nature's creation.

His mind is always tuned for beauty's thoughts,
In the woods or roaming over the hills;
Or walking in the valley, what ever place is sought,
The beauties of nature thrills.

For the artist and poet, as they roam in the meadows,
In the rays of the early dawn,
See a beauty of the tints, of lights and shadows,
That flit across the pond.

In their meditations, thoughts and emotions—
See shades of dark and light,
And majesty in roaring thunder, and all creation,
As stars, that sparkle at night.

To Artist and Poets there's a beauty he sees,
Girding hand and heart,
In the rivulets, brooklets and autumn trees,
Of his thoughts the greatest part.

So from nature, pictures and poems come,
Of childhood familiar places;
And we listen to their talk in many tongues,
As if looking in their faces.

Many Poets and Artist, that we'll never behold,
But in fancy we see their semblance
In their poems and pictures, that grow not old,
As oft they come to remembrance.

Lockly Hall, or Edward Gray, not old or fade away,
Hiawatha, or Maud Muller live forever
In literature and art, Maud raking the hay,
Hiawatha sailing down the river.

Whittier, Shakespeare, Lowell and Browning,
We read resting on the lawn;
To know their thoughts, we have a longing,
For all old Poets we are fond.

Then Tennyson, Longfellow, we read in quiet walks,
With somewhat sad emotion,
As if listening to their lonely poetical talks
"Of love, and dark blue ocean."

Whitcomb Riley's jinglings of boyhood days;
Ella Wilcox's poems from above,
Of thoughts expressed in a beautiful way,
"The swimming hole," "woman's love."

There are many Poets, we've not space to recall,
That we read in childhood;
And we often fail to choose among them all,
That influence us for good.

With these Poets, what a lesson for all to learn,
For an inspiration in youth,
As Shakespeare's Portia, mistakes of Robert Burns,
To see a vision to discern the truth.

In schooldays Thanatopsis our best friend,
Studied it with adoration,
Reading it line for line, beginning to end,
With a school girl's admiration.

And many Artist too, we remember well,
Raphael that looks divine;
And many pictures, that the Artist, we can not tell,
"Of Mary and babe," and that's sublime.

The paintings of Rosa Bonhour's cattle fair,
A gifted hand doth show,
Of great herds, painted while in the open air,
Of horses, others we do not know.

The memory of all Artist and Poets come to me,
As through my library I look—
Old familiar friends they become to be,
As reading each favorite book.

As a day dream, why not a longing come to me,
While reading poetry I love the best,
That an artist, or a poet, I might become to be,
Remembered and loved as the rest.

As the wildwood, meadows, come to our thoughts,
The source of art's aspirations;
Let us ponder and think of their lessons taught,
Of Nature's beautiful "Creation."

SUNSET SKY

Of April the 10th, 1915

Thou great sun in power and might,
Why didst thou come forth
To reflect thy beauty and light
Around our big earth?

Where is there more beauty to be found,
Than the varied tints of the sky,
As thou great sun, half hid going down
In a dark cloud lie?

Reflecting in the cloud thy varied hues,
Colors so beautifully blend;
Purple, yellow, red and shades of blues,
As upward rays doth send.

If now an Artist with brush could paint,
Thy colors changing oft,
But only the hand of an angel saint,
Can paint so deep, then soft.

A picture painted by an artist unseen,
Of the sun's last gleams;
And raindrops dropping, dropping between,
Changing as in a dream.

A beautiful bow in a cloud in the east,
Sunshine on the meadows green,
Reflecting a picture I long could feast,
Of nature's beauty seen.

Many artists have tried thy colors to imitate,
And poets, of thee to write
Of the sunset sky in the evening late,
As it sinking out of sight.

But failed thy beauty, thou great sun
Of thy colors dark and light,
Only by the Great Artist, been perfectly done,
As now fading from sight.

SILENT INFLUENCE

Never forget the omnipotence of truth,
That ever works unceasingly,
That is imitated by children in youth,
So ever live thoughtfully.

Ever be guided by the methods of love,
Day by day, unerroringly;
Truth's principles, born from above,
Carefully and lovingly.

For the influence over youth is rarely forgot,
If taught calmly and firmly;
And as the years are passing, where ever their lot
Will be imitating faithfully.

So let us ever adhere to the law of love,
By encouraging it kindly;
That will ever shine forth in realms above,
By being brave and heroically.

Many mighty victories will be won
If you love obediently;
And for others as well as for yourself alone;
If we live unselfishly.

By keeping "your lamps trimmed and burning"
Ever by the spirit light,
Thyself and others will be daily learning
Ever, love's silent might.

Then there will be a gentle outpouring to thee,
For thy fidelity,
Never doubting whatsoever it may be
For thy loyalty.

But ever be faithful to love's duties, in the least,
By daily sacrificing,
For an influence for good, it will ever increase,
By daily love reflecting.

Then you will be a benefactor in a weary land,
To you unconsciously
Making an influence for all times to mankind,
To you, unknowingly.

Love, omnipotence in power, might and rapture
Lived in love victoriously,
And as the time goes long years hereafter,
Silent influence everlastingly.

THE FAMILY

The family is the unfoldment of creation;
If a strong foundation laid
Is the chief cornerstone, of a great nation,
To progress from the cradle to the grave.

To be in harmony with the divine plan,
Grow in knowledge each day,
By living the life, that love demands,
As you tread its pathway.

It behooves us then, to ponder and think
Bidding farewell to youth,
To tarry at a cool refreshing stream and drink,
And fill our cup with truth.

Why thorns and briers, mingled with grief,
As looking the backward way,
The pages of the book of life, as turning a leaf
Will fade, by turning a sunshine ray.

Be careful, the seed we sow while young;
To plant flowers each day,
In the garden of life, as we walk among
"To pull up" the weeds, in the way.

Watch the unfoldment of the little child,
That there be no ugly weeds
That's found everywhere, growing wild,
Scattering destructive seeds.

For as a family, so is a mighty nation,
As a multiplied whole,
Infinite in thought, a magnitude creation,
By it the world unfolds.

Going on and on in time, of the far distance,
If nourished in sunshine of love,
Be fruit for the worldwide inheritance,
If watered by showers above.

To rear a family, greatest mission on earth;
The rise of a nation depends
On the strength of the child, as given birth,
As its unfoldment expands.

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

It happens to us, almost every day,
Something great or small,
In our life goes wrong some way,
It comes to one and all.

To know the way to work out the best,
How to go about it,
When we can't have, at our request,
What we feel we merit.

Put something better in its place,
Be master of your home;
With patience, love, and grace,
Or where e'er you may roam.

Go about affairs with a serene mind,
Say no hindrance conquer me;
With thoughts of charity to human kind,
Then difficulties will flee.

When minor discomfort comes for sure,
Sufficient is good humor;
"What can't be cured, must be endured,"
Then let love be the counsellor.

For difficulties show what we are;
What thing we overcome,
To make life pleasant, or to mar
Ourselves or others ones.

Difficulties are the marking stones
To set up in our pathway,
To ever speak in a soft, gentle tone,
With more courage every day.

We determine the quality of our lives,
Making the best what comes,
For kind words turns away envy that thrives,
For thoughts that's wholesome.

For every difficulty, you conquer and overcome,
The next one to be more firm
In your business affairs, or in your home,
If by the past you learn.

Overcome difficulties, to the right be brave,
And wearing a cheerful face,
From many a heartache it will save,
Putting something better in its place.

JUST PLAY

How sweet the memories of our youth,
When time was only play;
It should reveal to us a pleasant truth,
To play all the way.

Why should work, become a task,
Why not pretend it's play,
From our youth, until the last
Along our pathway.

This mortal life is nothing after all,
Only on the stage a play;
That ends as a leaf on a tree in the fall,
That lie scattered in our way.

Why not flit, from flower to flower,
As a little butterfly,
Who was a worm for many hours,
In a cocoon did lie.

But now is beautiful, to look upon
As anything we often see;
Gathering sweets from a rose where we found
Joyful, happy, and free.

All there is of this short mortal life,
To be in harmony with the divine,
To extract the sweets, not the strife,
Then its play, be thine.

Then some day takes wings, fly away,
Drop this shell of cocoon,
And travel from star, to star, and play,
And see sights, from the moon.

We will only remember good of the past,
Of our mortal pathway.
To feast on scenes that will always last
One long playday.

Who knows what we will ever be,
For now we sail in the sky;
If we progress after this play is through,
We will to the planets fly.

Then the things on earth, we longed to know,
Be revealed to us then,
And all the good, on us to bestow,
If we now and here begin.

Let us enjoy work, as a youthful play,
With no dread or fear,
Just a beautiful pleasant sunshine day,
Begin heaven right here.

WHEN LOVE HAD FLOWN

By the fireside I sat musing all alone,
Suddenly my heart became as lead;
For Oh Love! unknown to me had flown,
And I became as one that's dead;
My very life I did bemoan,
And Oh! the tears I shed
That Love had left me thus alone.

Oh Love! I cried in anguish wild,
This is darker than the darkest night,
Pity me, thy erroring wayward child,
Then—around me there shone a light—

Oh! Love I cried where hast thou been?
Miserable was I, when thou was gone;
What hast thou done and seen,
And why didst thou, leave me thus alone?

Then Love revealed to me, my heart,
Long I had bewailed my fate,
Not willing to take my daily part,
But always longing for something great.

Love had been to soothe the cradle tears,
And old age, bent with many years.

As a mother bending over a babe so fond,
To its little cry, lovingly and kindly respond.

To the aged, the soothing helping hand,
As a child, to its parents loves demand.

Been with the children when they play;
Knelt with them at their bedside to pray.

Smoothed the pillow, in the sick room,
Read to them of God the higher power;
Kindly, used there the brush and broom,
Arranged the home, as a blooming bower.

Left there to visit the schoolroom
Silenced with love all tired gloom.

Helped the children to dress clean and neat,
As from the home, in the schoolroom to meet;
Saluted the teacher and kissed her sweet,
That with patience the children to treat.

Helped tired husband as coming home,
Greeted him with love's caressing smile,
That our life together, he not bemoan,
"And to live for that worth while."

Then as suddenly I awoke from my dream,
Oh! Love where have I been?
Has my life been aught but a glittering gleam?
Oh! Love what have I seen?
Many times, I welcome you back,
For when I became sullen, love left my heart,
Then all my world was black—
Peace, joy and all comfort did depart.

Now in greater love, I'll live content,
For believe me the heart of man is dead,
If when love is cold, he gives his consent
For selfishness to reign, when love has fled,
And his heart is a stone—
When hate is on the throne—
Oh! the many tears that's been shed,
If not by love, we are daily lead.

I have told my dream, that others may know
From mine, a lesson learn;
That many blessings, on your life bestow,
If for love you often yearn;
And pray "Our Father" teach us thy love divine,
The "Great I Am" the eternal mind;
In harmony with thy law sublime,
Then love on earth, and heaven mine.

A POET PUN

A poet knows, he's often laughed at;
But he will write poetry, for all that.

And often hear, better way to spend time;
For all of that, he makes his rhyme.

And foolish to try to write a book;
For all of that, there's poetry where he looks.

For everywhere he goes, in every thing he sees;
For that, rhymes in lines become to be.

So if there's better things you can do and find;
For all of that, the poet will write his mind.

And he would not stop it, if he could;
For all of that, he could not if he would.

If you can not spend your time, to read it, I say
For that, put it on a shelf, where many others lay.

So at a would-be poet, make no laugh or fun,
For all of that, he writes poetry by the ton.

And there's many minds of many kinds;
For all that, the time to write poetry he will find.

Of his punctuation, the student pokes fun,
For all that, that's the way his grammar run.

So at your remarks, the poet only smiles;
For all of that, he writes rhymes by the mile.

And they are to himself, as to you, as new,
For all of that, when he gets through.

The thoughts of the poet, to the world unknown;
For that, he often feels himself alone.

A poet, often called peculiar and queer;
For all of that, his rhymes in poems will appear.

And if praise or fun, of them he will hear
To that, he will turn a deaf ear.

But, if the poet's mind, you do not share,
For all of that, it's a little hard to bear.

If to read his poetry, you have no mind;
For that, there's a better way to spend your time.

As to the world, the poet's thoughts has been given;
For all of that, it was to his mind as leaven.

To ever increase, and come forth to shine
And for that, you find poetry of every kind.

He says by inspiration it has been given;
And that, it's a little foretaste of heaven.

To stop writing poetry, there's no need to try,
For all of that, the poets thoughts will fly.

His mind will soar, he knows not where it's been,
For that, he must draw a line, and say, "Amen."

He hears you say, he writes poetry quite well,
But that, the same things the poets so often tell.

Of nature as the locust his voice doth swell,
And with this, the poet says "Fare-ye-well."

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